

10c

NO. 1

BIG 3



ALL NEW
FEATURES

The adventures of the
3 World's Greatest Heroes!

DAVID

THE BLUE BEETLE - SAMSON - THE FLAME

REFRESH

with

KOGBA

A
**COLA
DRINK**

with Vitamin B₁



THE LONG TALL DRINK THAT'S TANGY
AND COOLING AS AN OCEAN BREEZE!

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every time. For morning, afternoon and
evening . . . parties, picnics, public gatherings.
It's the snappy, smart and satisfying beverage
... AND REMEMBER, the 12 oz. GIANT
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TWO! 6 bottle carton — 25¢.

A BIG BOTTLE **5¢** ENOUGH FOR 2

"WATCH FOR NEXT ISSUE OF THE BIG 3."

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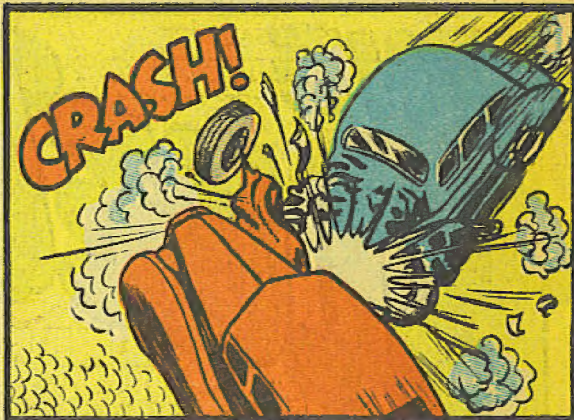
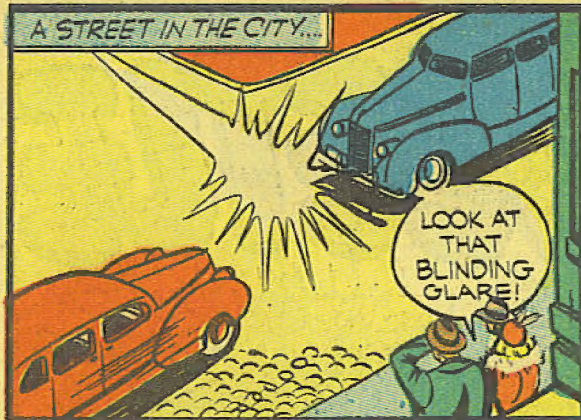
THE BLUE BEETLE

by CHARLES NICHOLAS



SMASHING DOWN UPON THE UNDERWORLD RACKETS COMES THE *BLUE BEETLE*... MADE ALMOST INVULNERABLE BY SPECIAL ARMOR, AND GIVEN SUPER-HUMAN ENERGY BY VITAMIN 2X... HE CRUSADES WITH HARD-HITTING FISTS FOR LAW AND JUSTICE... IN REALITY HE IS *DAN GARRET*, A ROOKIE POLICEMAN... THE *BLUE BEETLE* BATTLES TO THE DEATH WITH *BORG*... THE MIRROR MURDERER!

A STREET IN THE CITY...



JOAN MASON ATTEMPTS TO HELP THE INJURED MAN.



DAN GARRET AND MIKE MANNIGAN ARRIVE...



JOAN SPEAKS TO HER EDITOR.



MEANWHILE...AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

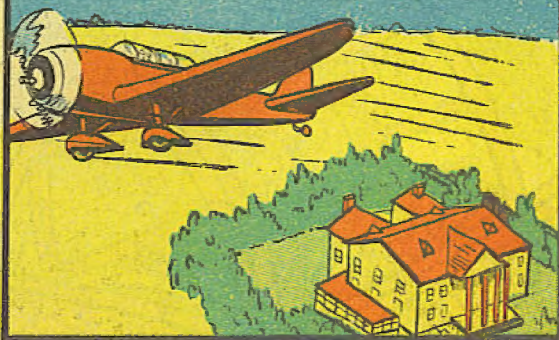


AT THE JAMES RESIDENCE...

THE POLICE? WHY... FRANK JAMES JUST TOOK OFF IN HIS PLANE AFTER RECEIVING A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE, SIR!

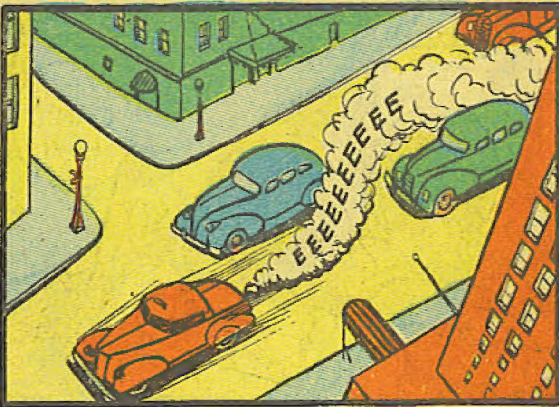


FRANK JAMES, PLANE INVENTOR... TAKES OFF.



YES SIR!

RUSH TO THE AIRPORT! FRANK JAMES JUST TOOK OFF... STOP HIM!



AT THE POLICE FLYING FIELD.

WE'RE GETTING THE PLANE OUT FOR YOU, DAN!

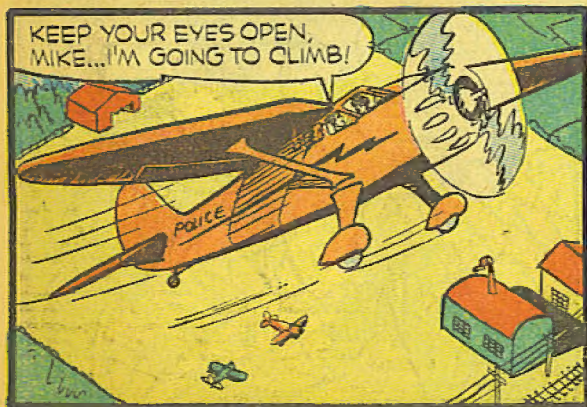


CONTACT!

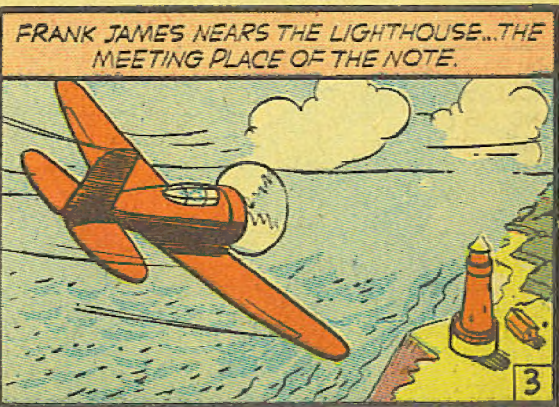
HERE WE GO AGAIN!

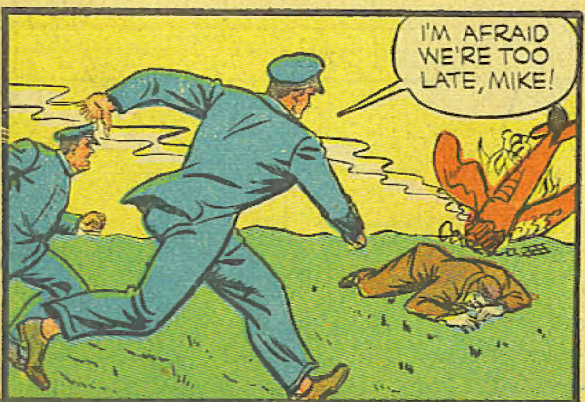
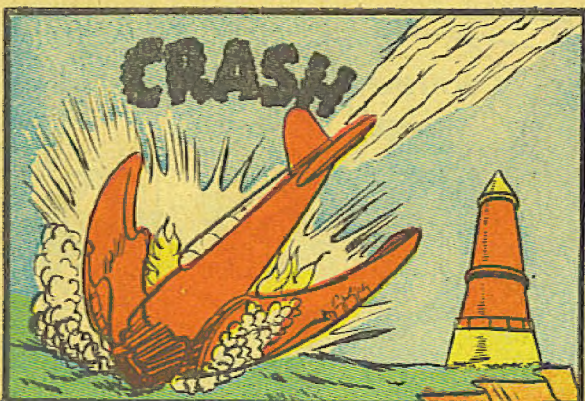
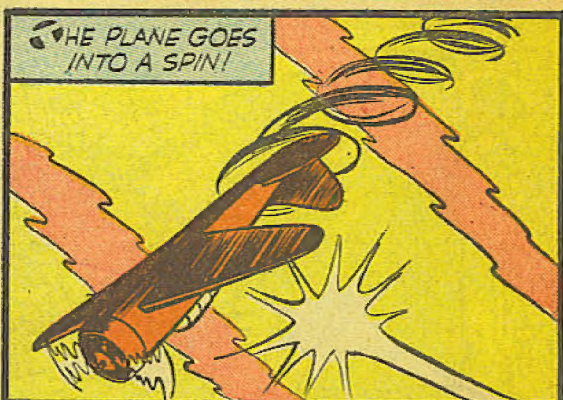
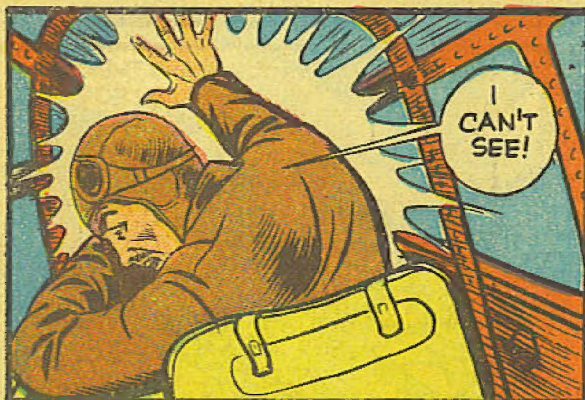
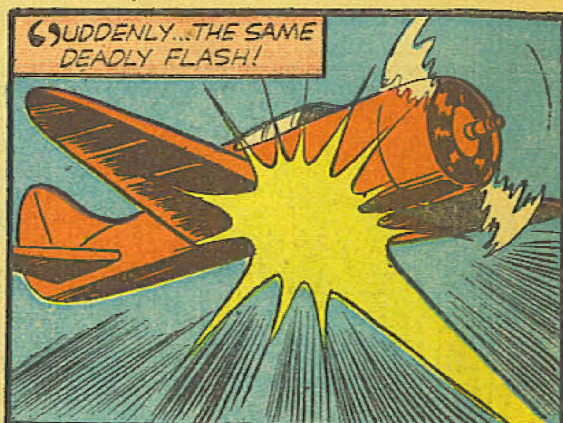


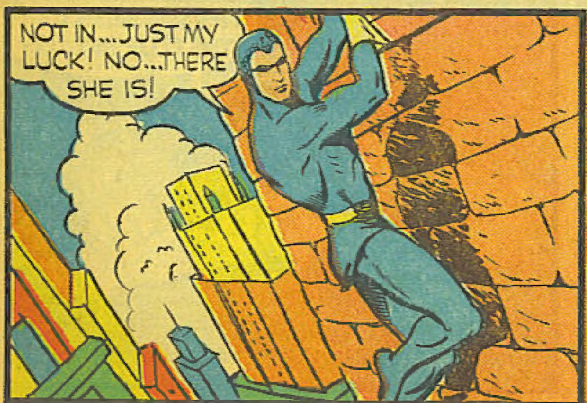
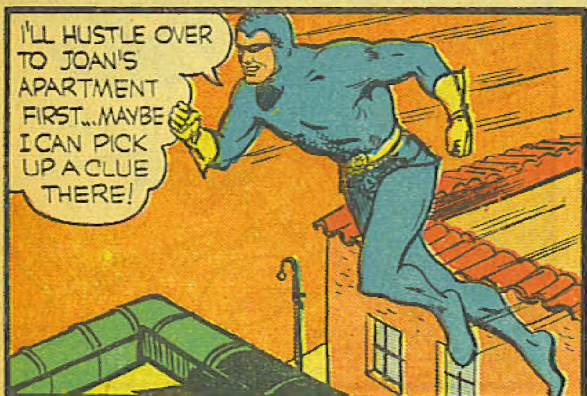
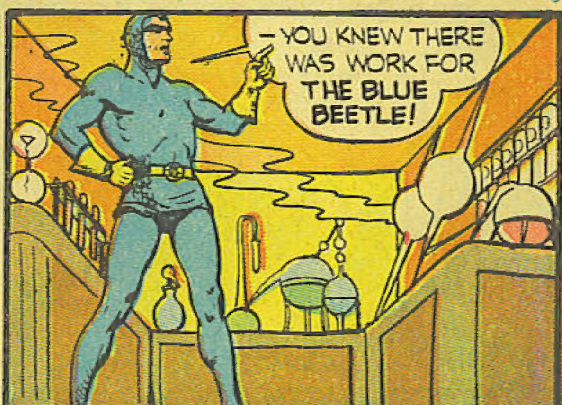
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, MIKE... I'M GOING TO CLIMB!

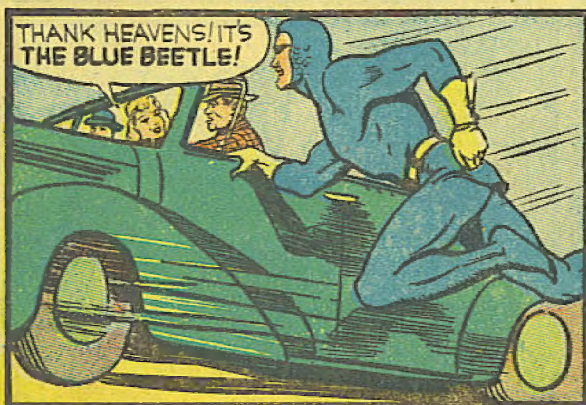
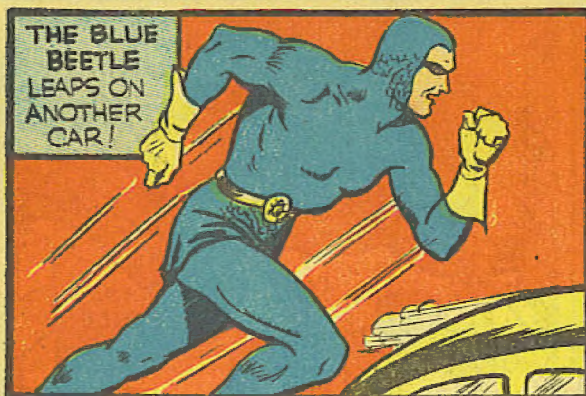
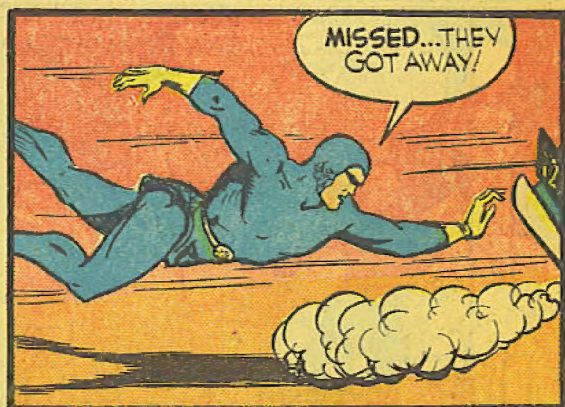
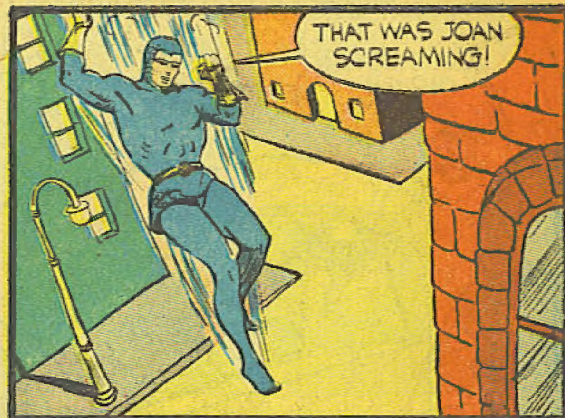


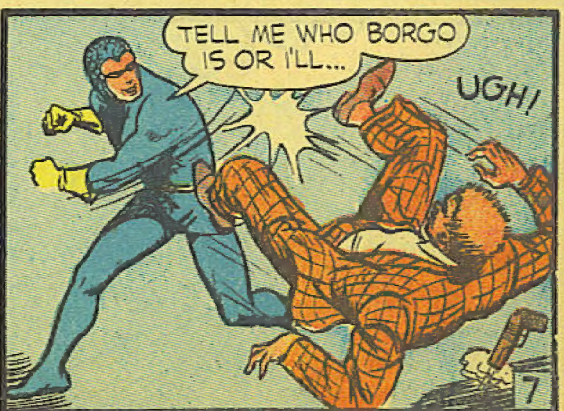
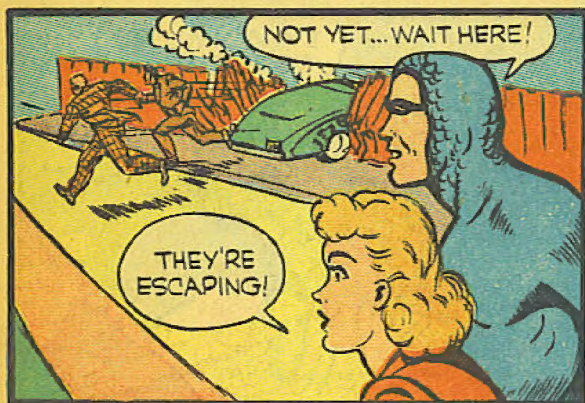
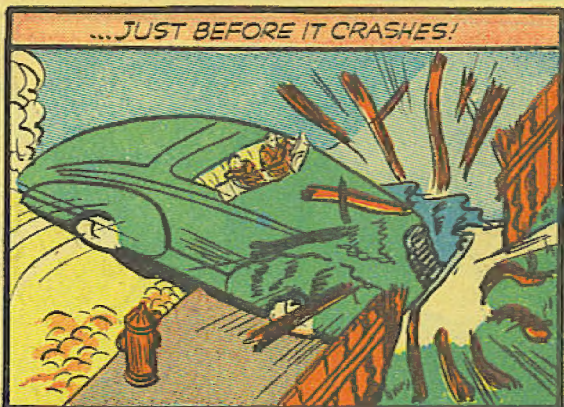
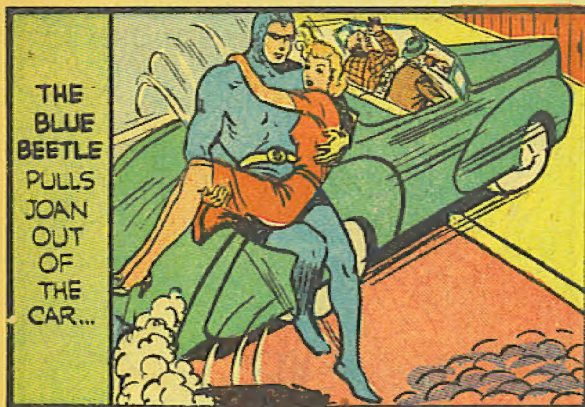
FRANK JAMES NEARS THE LIGHTHOUSE... THE MEETING PLACE OF THE NOTE.

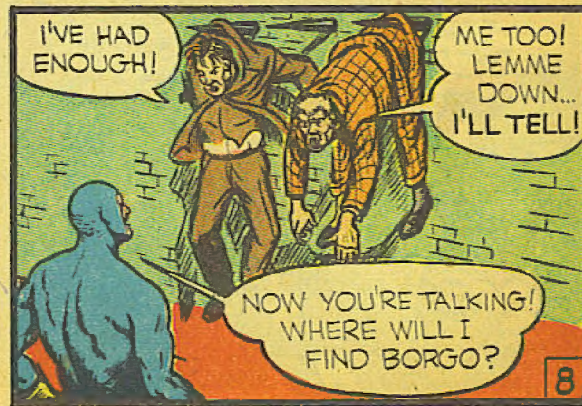
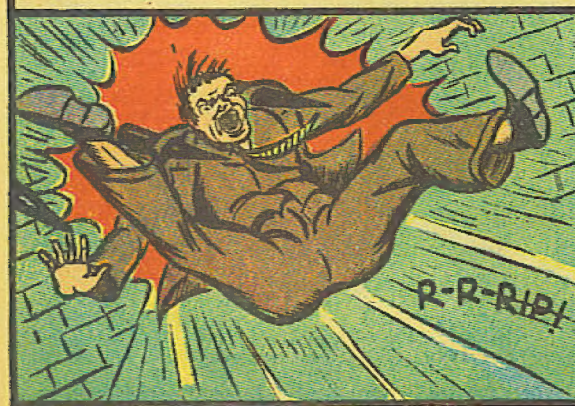
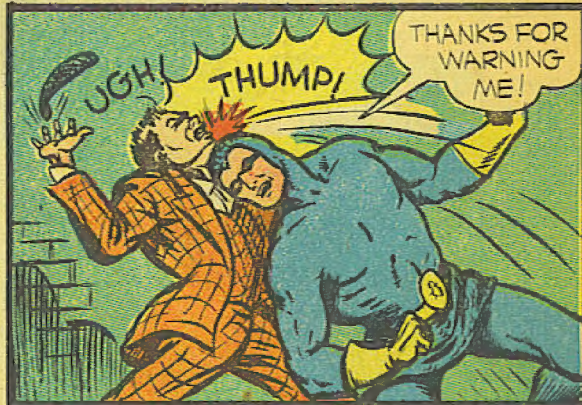




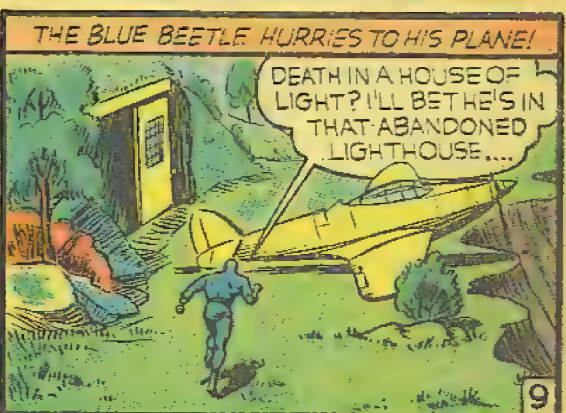
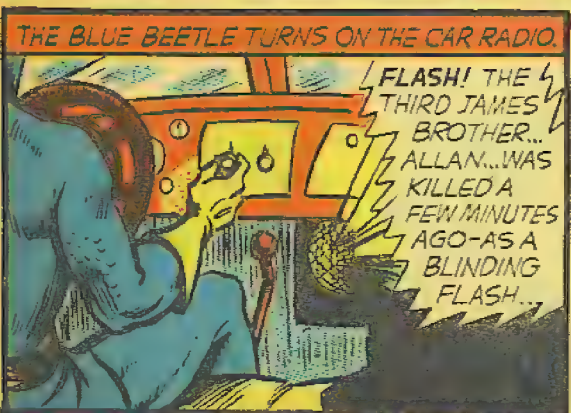
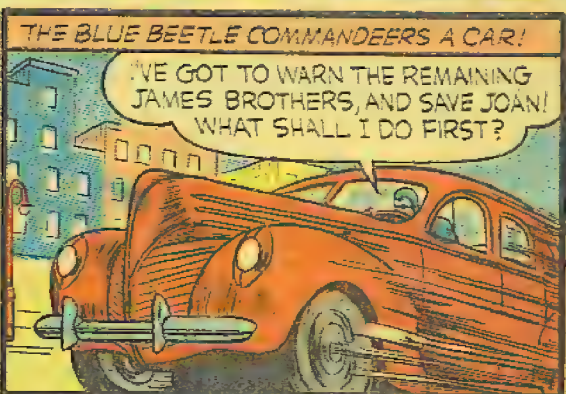
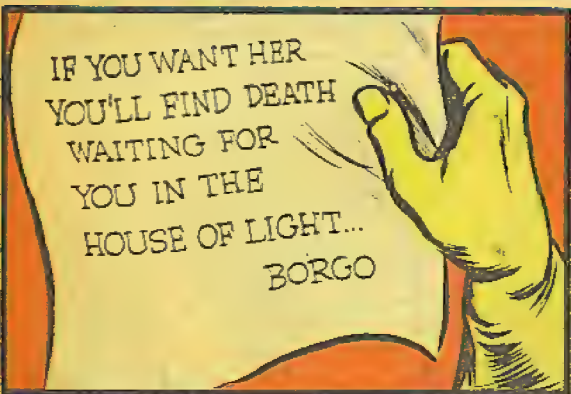
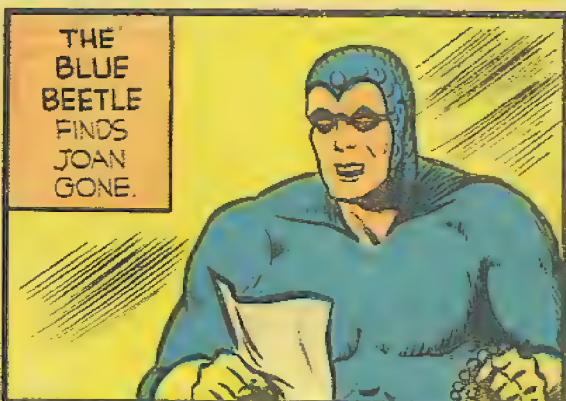








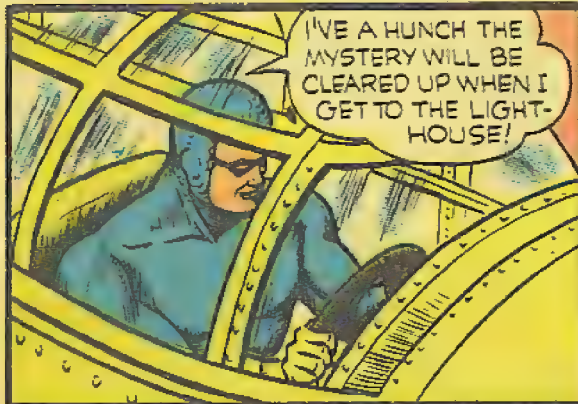
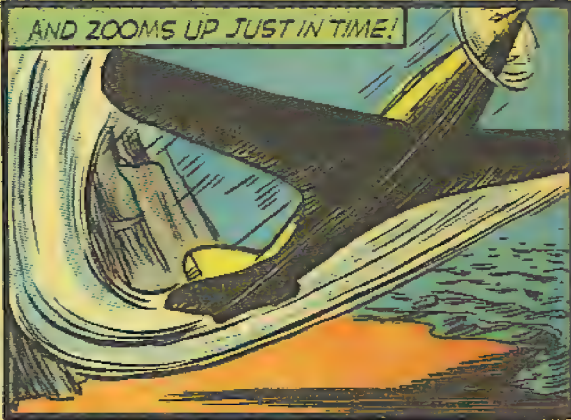
NOW YOU'RE TALKING! WHERE WILL I FIND BORGIO?



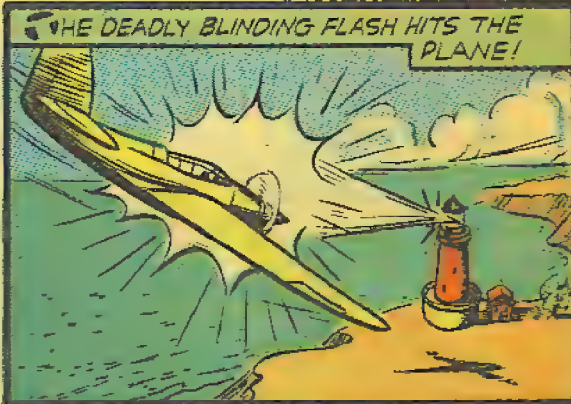
THE
BLUE
BEETLE
DIVES THE
PLANE
DOWN
THE
CLIFF!



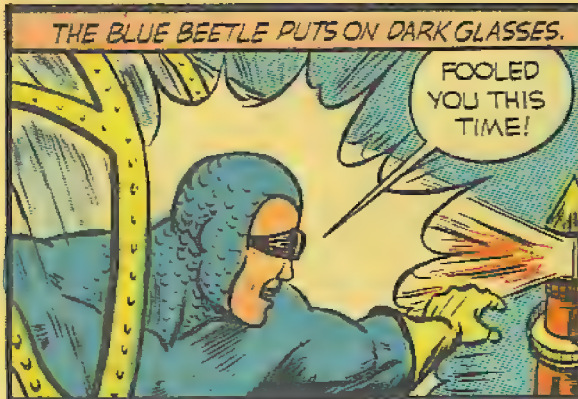
AND ZOOMS UP JUST IN TIME!



I'VE A HUNCH THE
MYSTERY WILL BE
CLEARED UP WHEN I
GET TO THE LIGHT-
HOUSE!

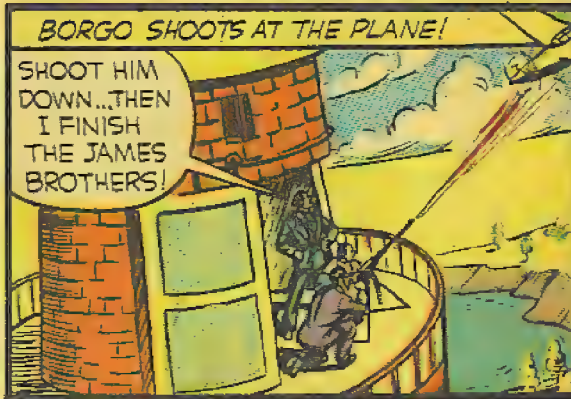


THE DEADLY BLINDING FLASH HITS THE
PLANE!



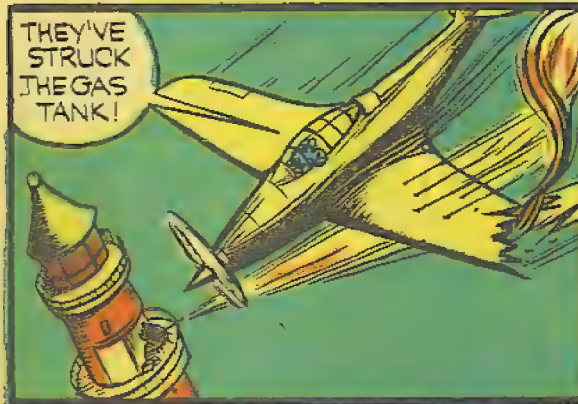
THE BLUE BEETLE PUTS ON DARK GLASSES.

FOOLED
YOU THIS
TIME!

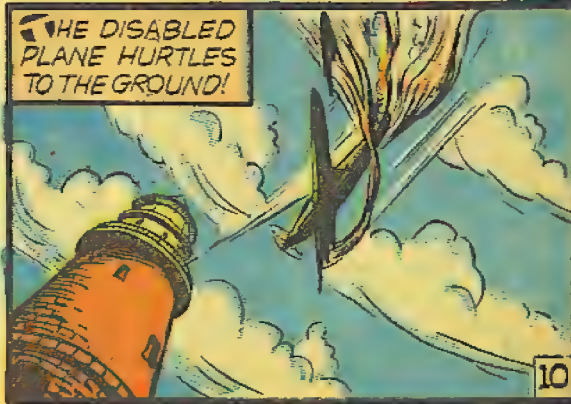


BORGOSHOTS AT THE PLANE!

SHOOT HIM
DOWN...THEN
I FINISH
THE JAMES
BROTHERS!



THEY'VE
STRUCK
THE GAS
TANK!



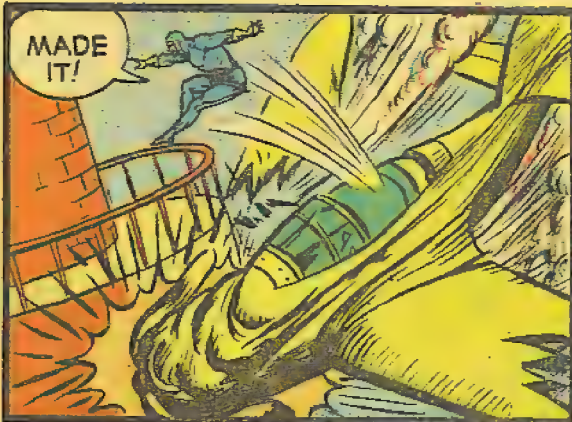
THE DISABLED
PLANE HURTLES
TO THE GROUND!

THE BLUE BEETLE PILOTS THE FALLING PLANE AT BORGIO!

IF I CAN STALL ALONGSIDE, I'LL JUMP!



MADE IT!



DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE ME ALIVE?



THIS DOESN'T FEEL LIKE A GHOST, DOES IT?



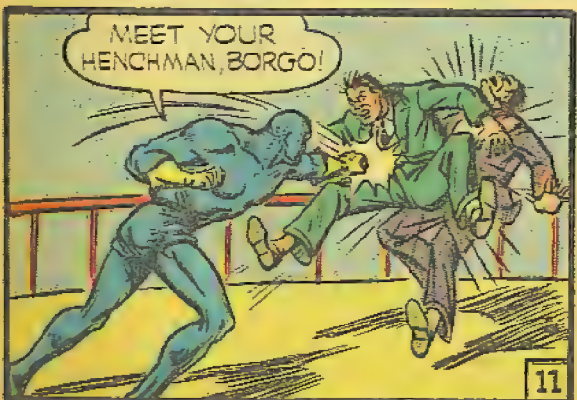
THUMP!



PARDON MY FOOT!

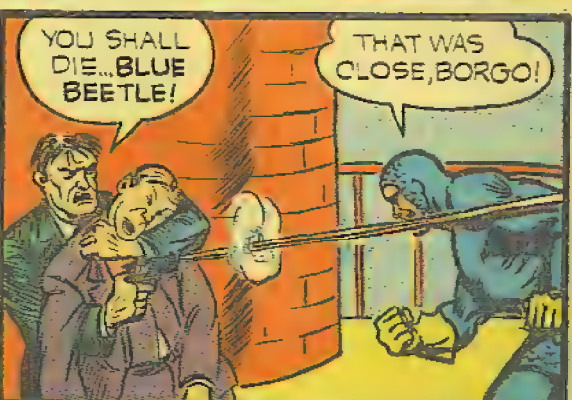


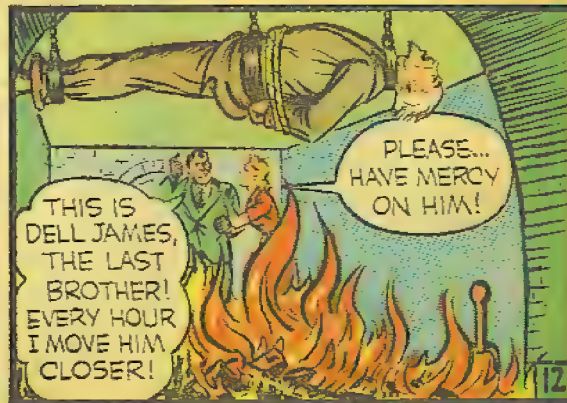
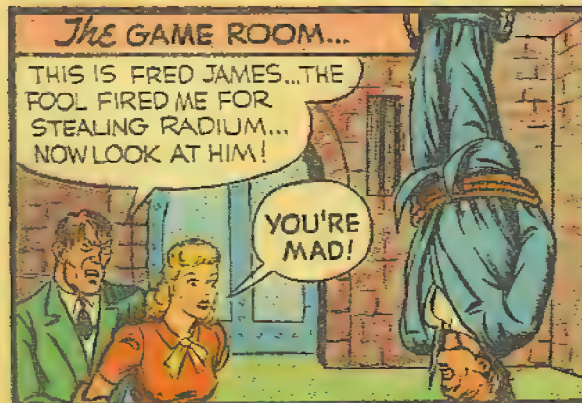
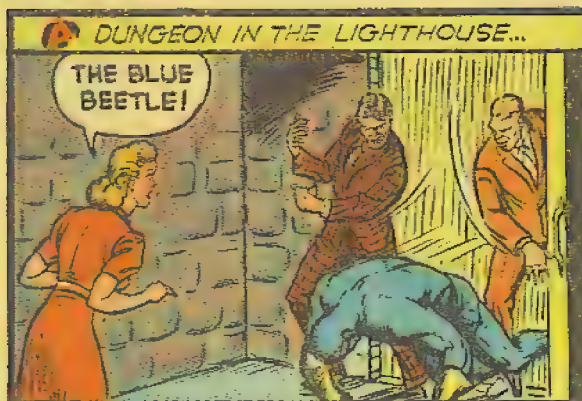
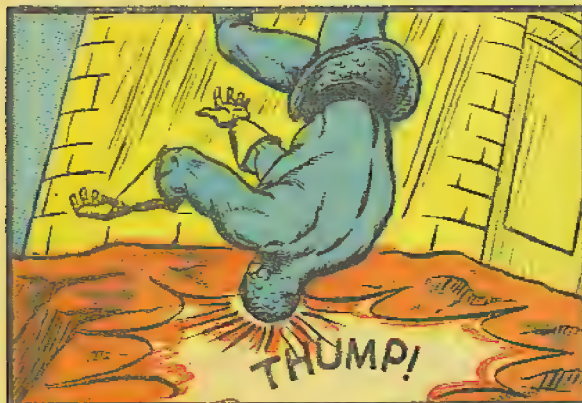
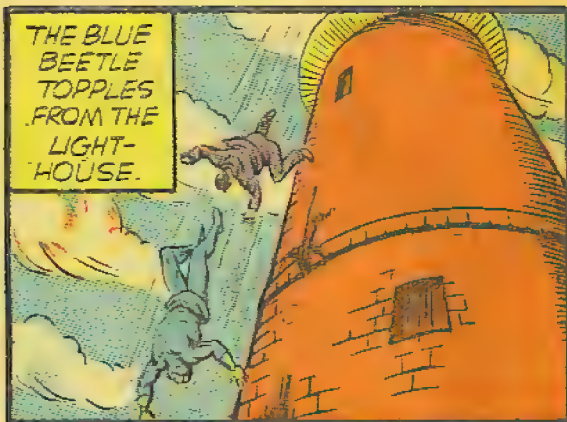
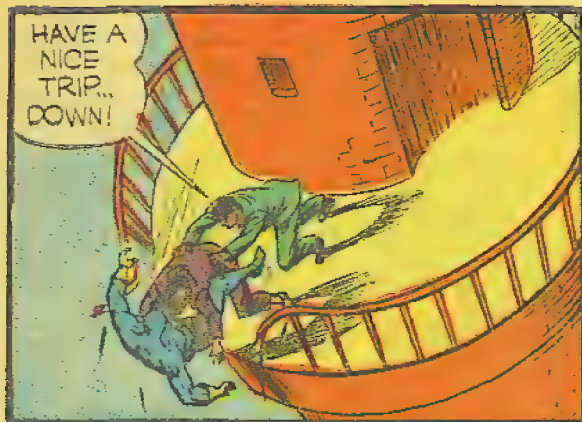
MEET YOUR HENCHMAN, BORGIO!

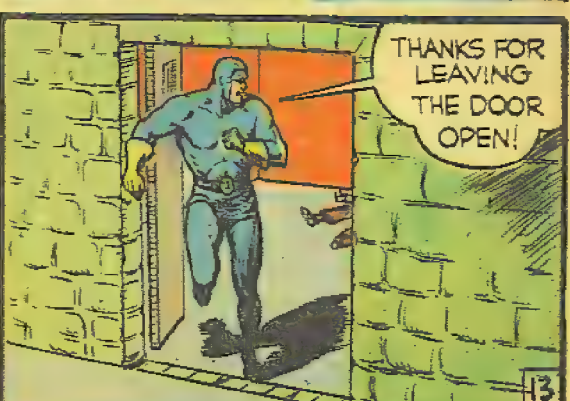
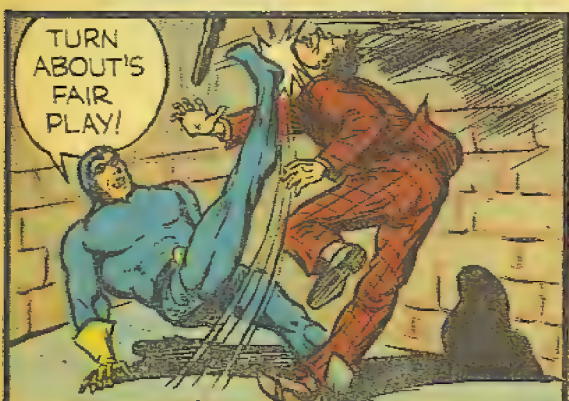
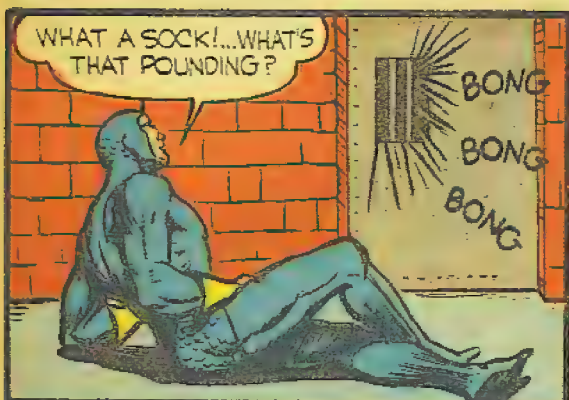
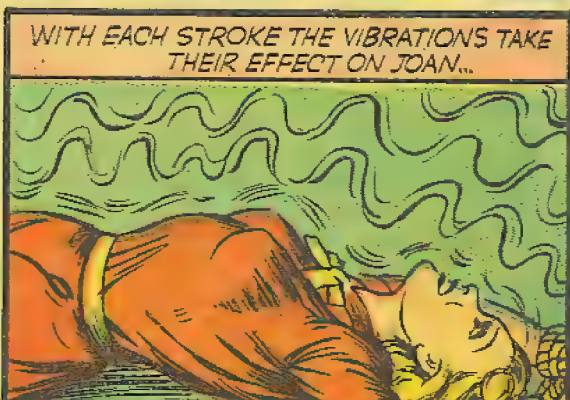


YOU SHALL DIE...BLUE BEETLE!

THAT WAS CLOSE, BORGIO!







THE BLUE
BEETLE
FOLLOWS
THE NOISE
OF THE
DRUM...

BONG
BONG



HE ENTERS
BY A
WINDOW.

I'M COMING
FOR YOU,
BORGIO!



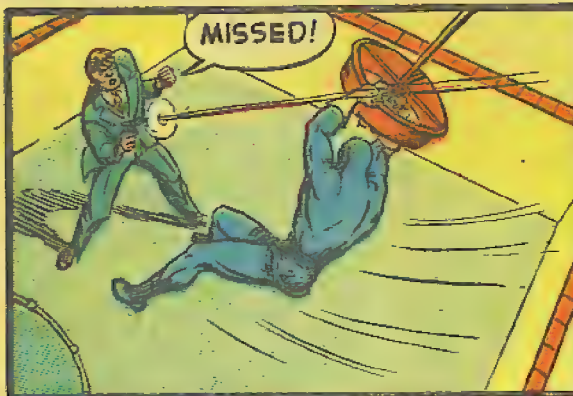
HERE I
COME!



COME IN
HERE, MEN.
IT'S A FIGHT
TO THE FINISH
WITH THE
BLUE BEETLE!



MISSED!

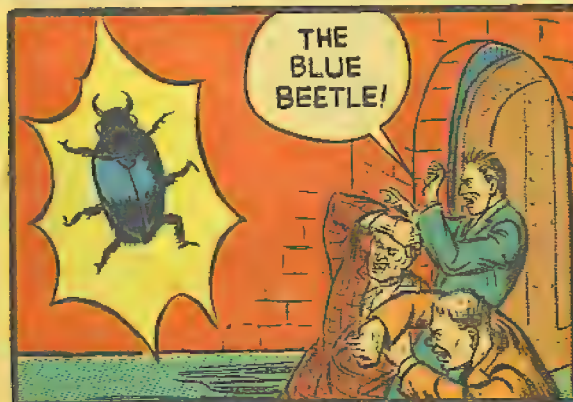


BUT I
DIDN'T!

BAM!



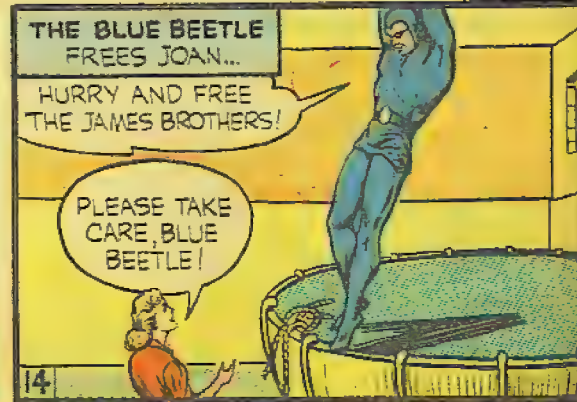
THE
BLUE
BEETLE!

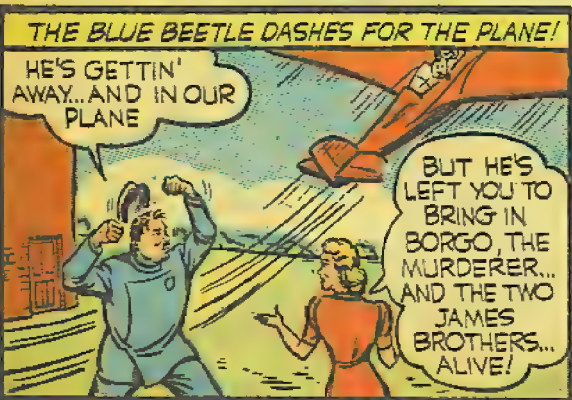
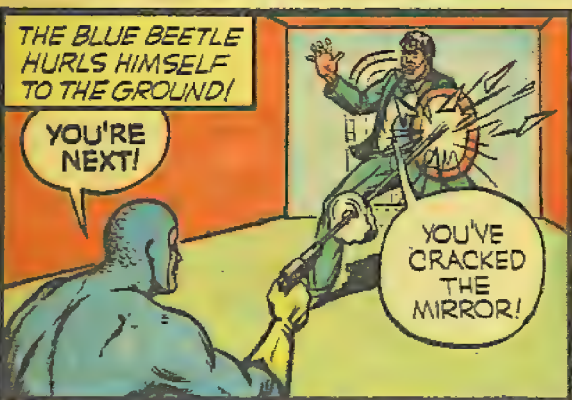
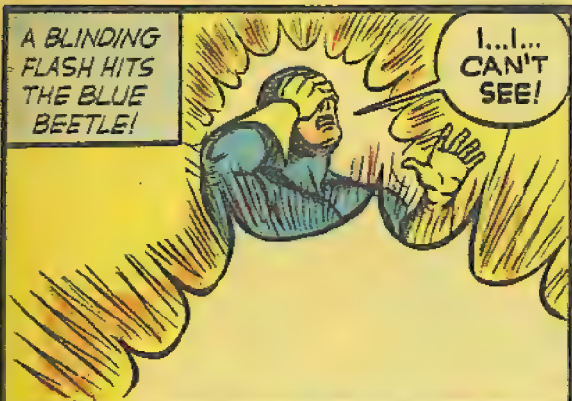
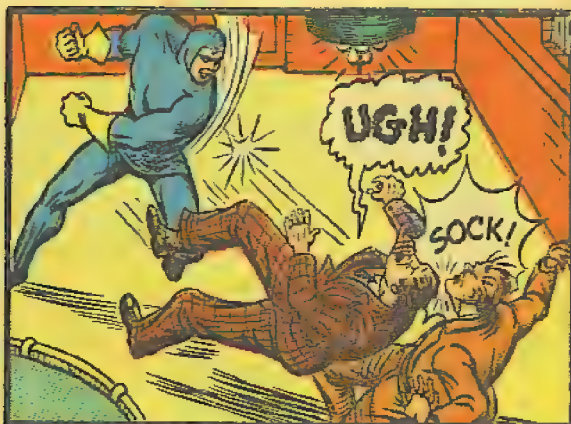
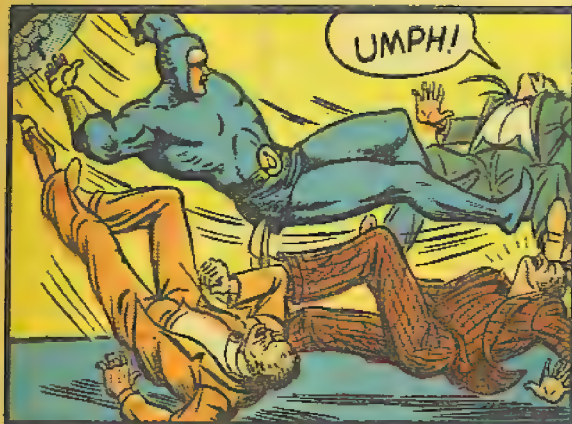


THE BLUE BEETLE
FREES JOAN...

HURRY AND FREE
THE JAMES BROTHERS!

PLEASE TAKE
CARE, BLUE
BEETLE!





FOLLOW--THE ADVENTURES OF
THE BLUE BEETLE
IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

SAMSON AND DAVID



OUT OF THE MISTS OF HISTORY COMES THE MIGHTY **SAMSON**. LIKE HIS FAMOUS ANCESTOR, **SAMSON** PITS HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL AND INJUSTICE ---- THE FIENDISH DR. BLOOD, DEPRAVED SCIENTIFIC GENIUS, IS HEAD OF: "THE INNER CRIME RING"

by **ALEX BOON**

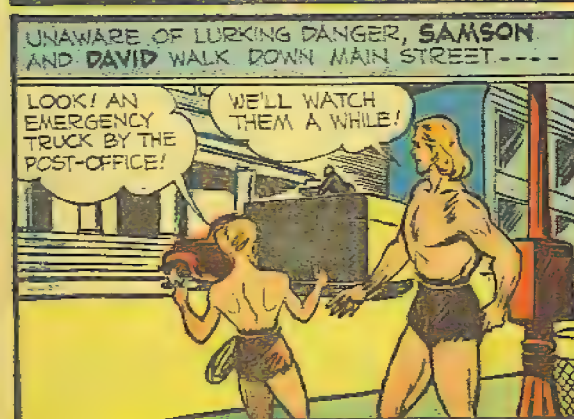


AN IMPORTANT INVENTION IS BEING SENT TO WASHINGTON FROM THE MAIN STREET POST-OFFICE TODAY. WE MUST GET THOSE PLANS!



PUT ON YOUR PROTECTIVE CAPES AND LOAD THAT PARALYZER ON THE EMERGENCY TRUCK!

YES, DR. BLOOD



UNAWARE OF LURKING DANGER, **SAMSON** AND **DAVID** WALK DOWN MAIN STREET ----

LOOK! AN EMERGENCY TRUCK BY THE POST-OFFICE!

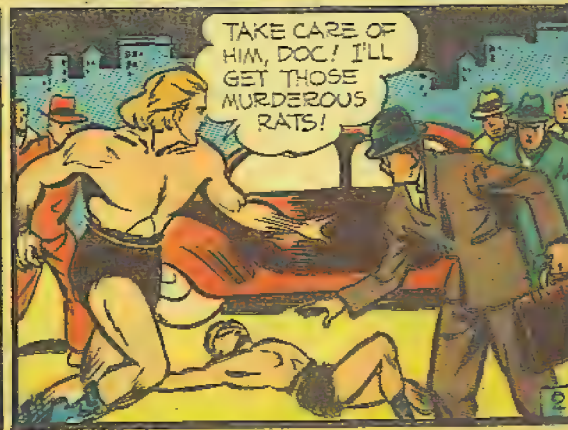
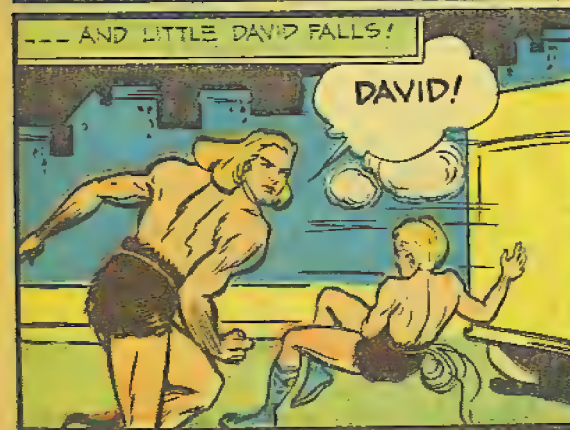
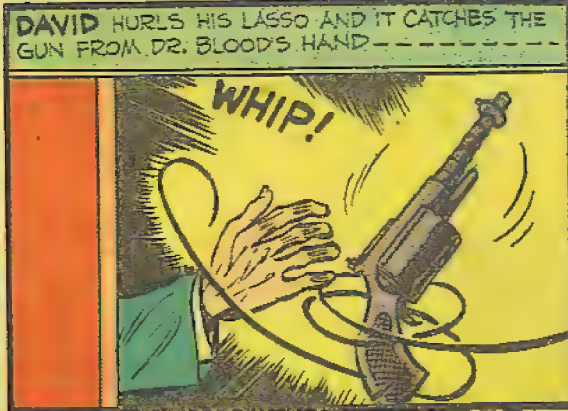
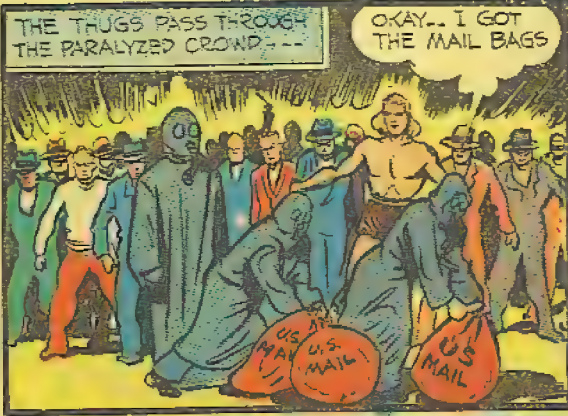
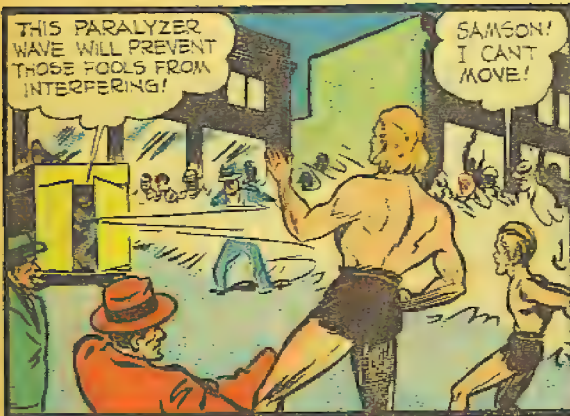
WE'LL WATCH THEM A WHILE!

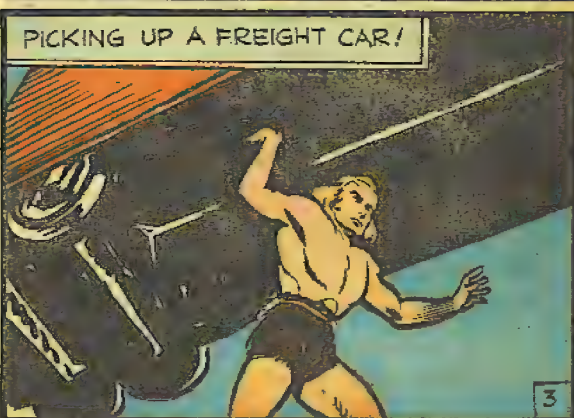
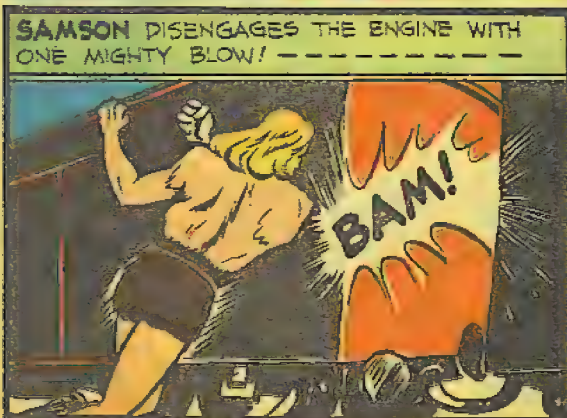
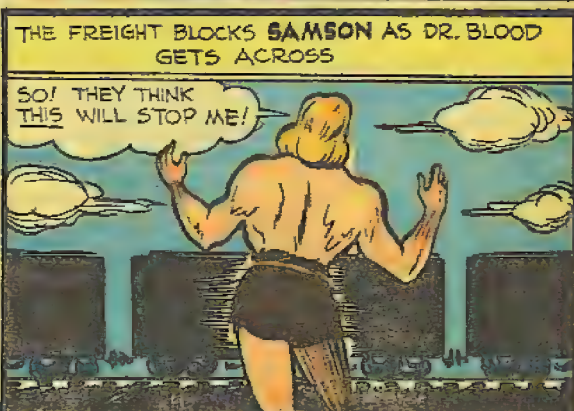
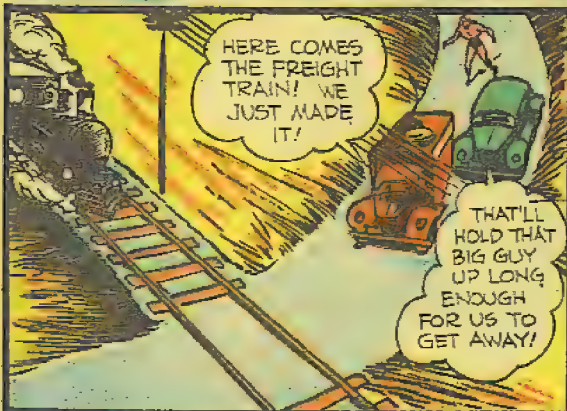
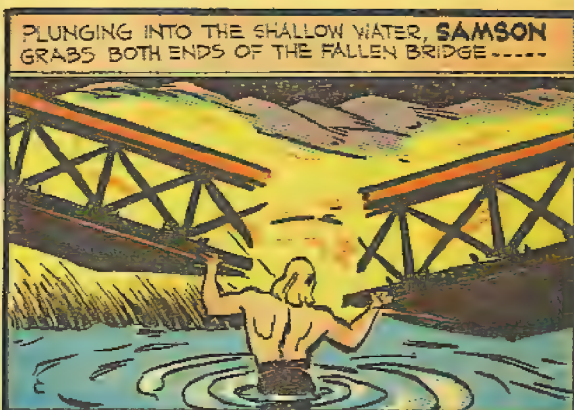
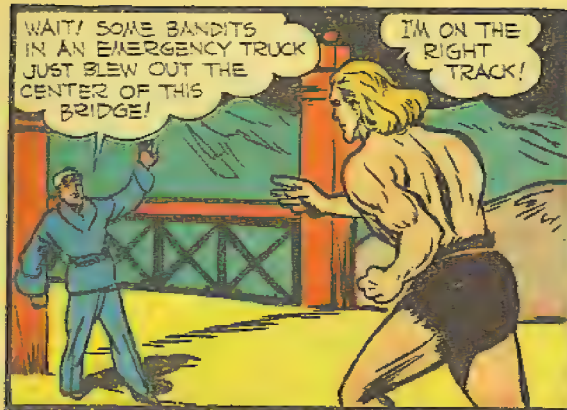


AS THE MAIL BAGS ARE BROUGHT OUT ----

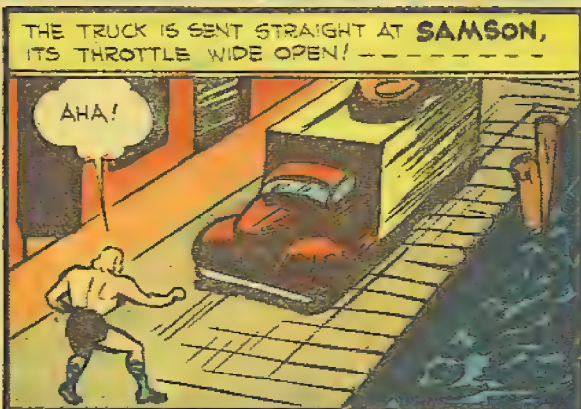
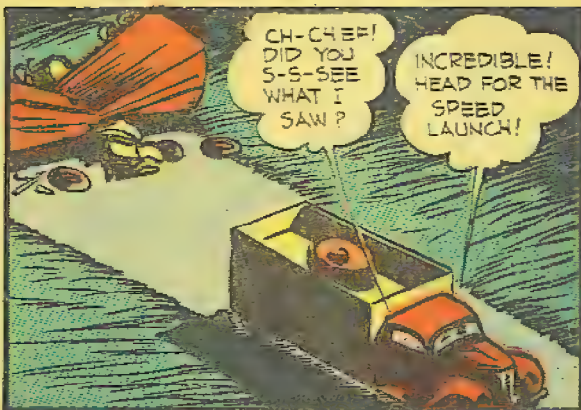
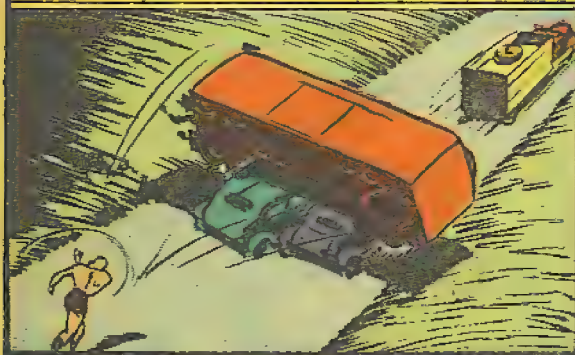
I GOT THEM!

HEY!

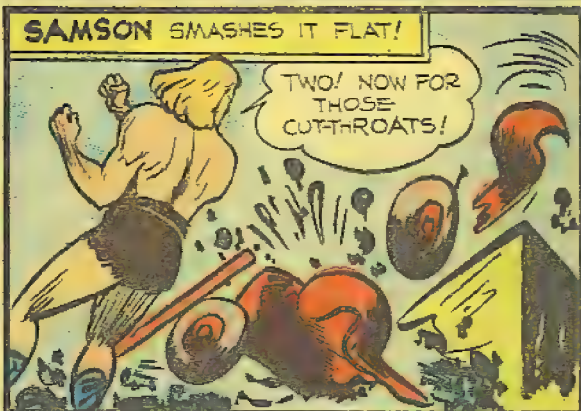




SAMSON HURLS IT AT THE FLEEING THUGS



PICKING THE HEAVY TRUCK WITH ONE HAND---



SAMSON SEES A HUGE BOULDER



SMASHING HIS FIST DEEP INTO THE SOLID STONE TO GET A GRIP----



SAMSON LIFTS THE GIGANTIC ROCK----



--- AND HURLS IT AT THE ESCAPING LAUNCH!

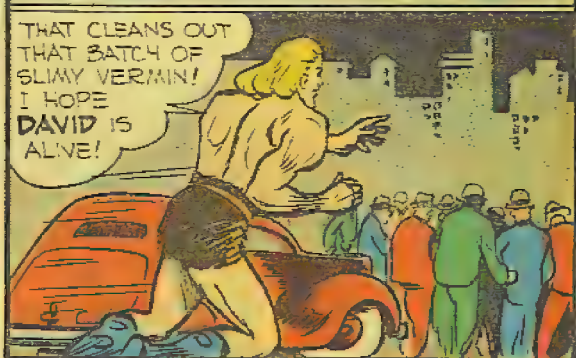


THOSE WHO INTERFERE
WITH DR. BLOOD, DIE!
WE'LL MEET AGAIN,
SAMSON!



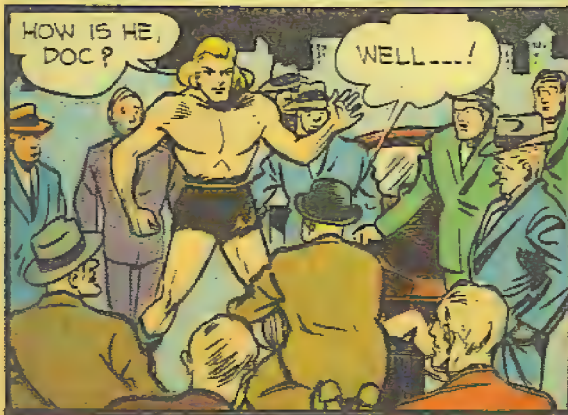
SAMSON RUSHES BACK TO DAVID

THAT CLEANS OUT
THAT BATCH OF
SLIMY VERMIN!
I HOPE
**DAVID IS
ALIVE!**



HOW IS HE,
DOC?

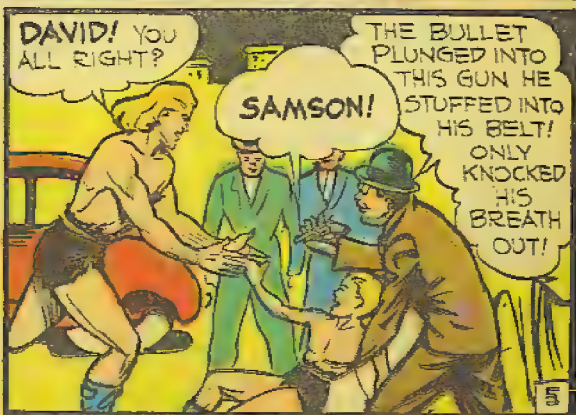
WELL....!

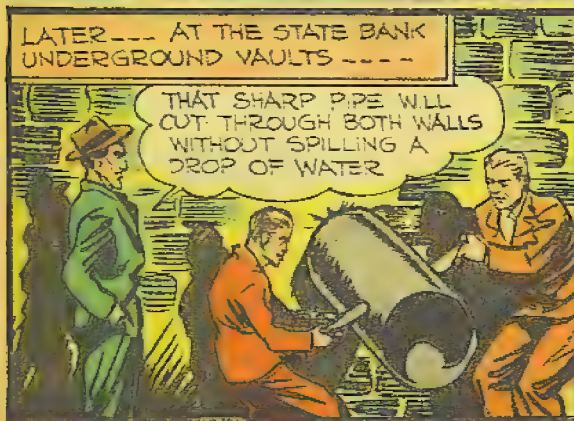
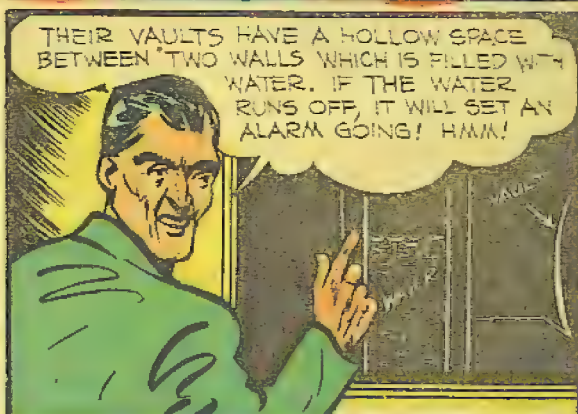
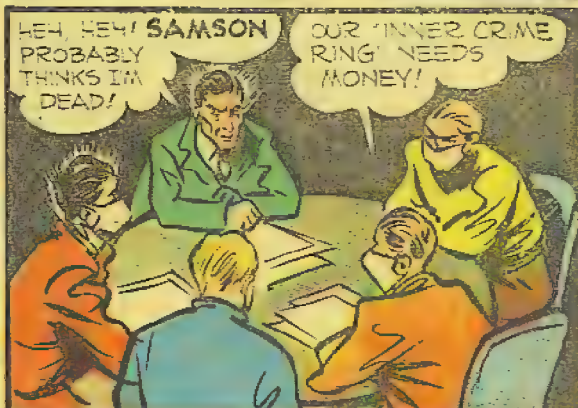
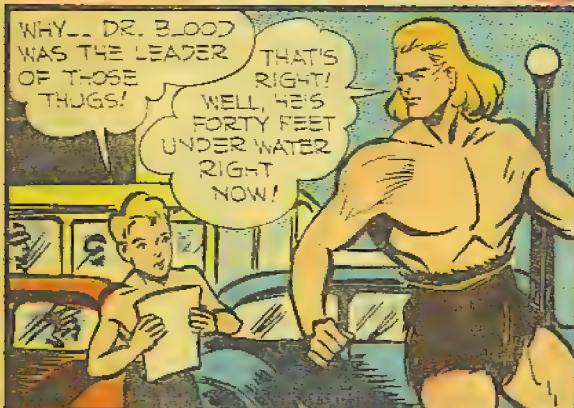
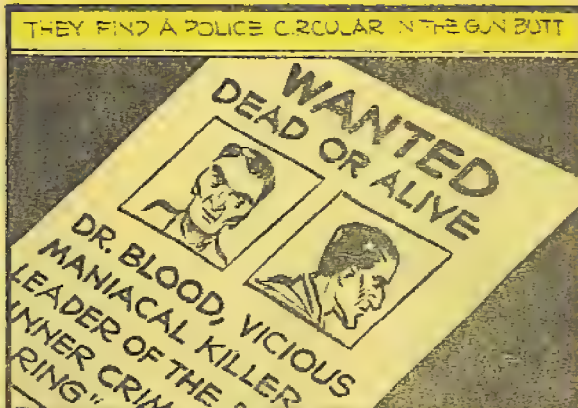
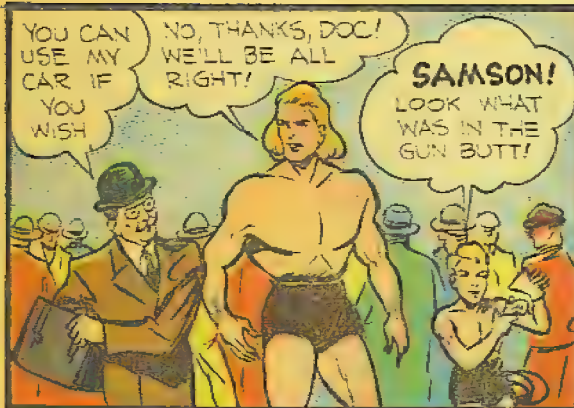


DAVID! YOU
ALL RIGHT?

SAMSON!

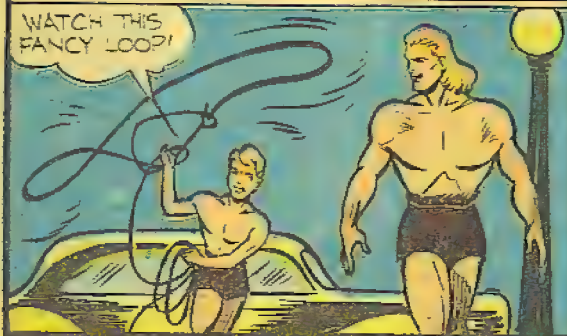
THE BULLET
PLUNGED INTO
THIS GUN HE
STUFFED INTO
HIS BELT!
ONLY
KNOCKED
HIS
BREATH
OUT!





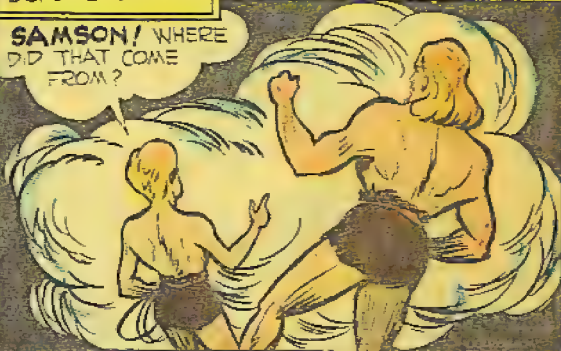
MEANWHILE... AS **SAMSON** AND **DAVID**
ARE TALKING A WALK ---

WATCH THIS
FANCY LOOP!



--- A CLOUD SUDDENLY MATERIALIZES
BEFORE THEM!

SAMSON! WHERE
DID THAT COME
FROM?



A FACE! APPEARS IN THE CLOUD!

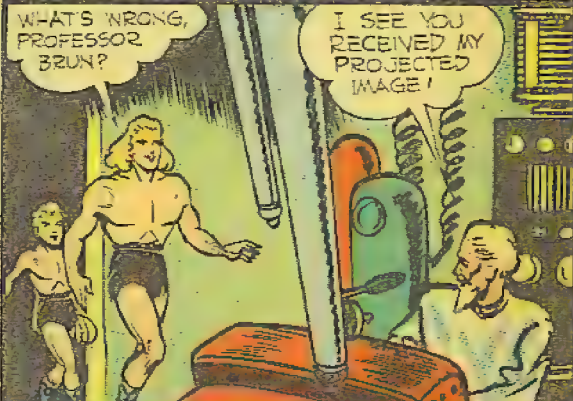
WHY... IT'S
PROFESSOR
BRUN!

COME ON!
HE MUST
WANT US!



WHAT'S WRONG,
PROFESSOR
BRUN?

I SEE YOU
RECEIVED MY
PROJECTED
IMAGE!

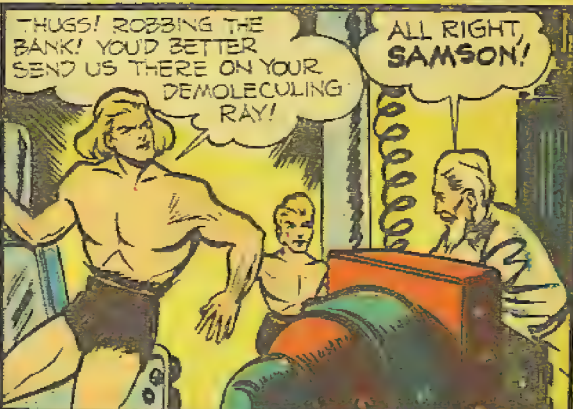


THAT TELEVISOR
IS POINTED AT THE
STATE BANK BUILDING.
LOOK AT THAT!



THUGS! ROBBING THE
BANK! YOU'D BETTER
SEND US THERE ON YOUR
DEMOLECULING
RAY!

ALL RIGHT,
SAMSON!



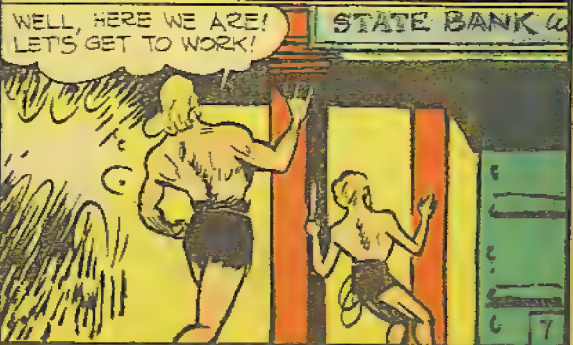
THE DE-ATOMIZED BODIES OF **SAMSON**
AND **DAVID** ARE WHIRLED OUT ON A
SPIRAL LIGHT BEAM ---



--- AND THEY MATERIALIZE BEFORE
THE STATE BANK BUILDING! ---

WELL, HERE WE ARE!
LET'S GET TO WORK!

STATE BANK



SAMSON REACHES DOWN AND TEARS THE STREET OPEN! -----

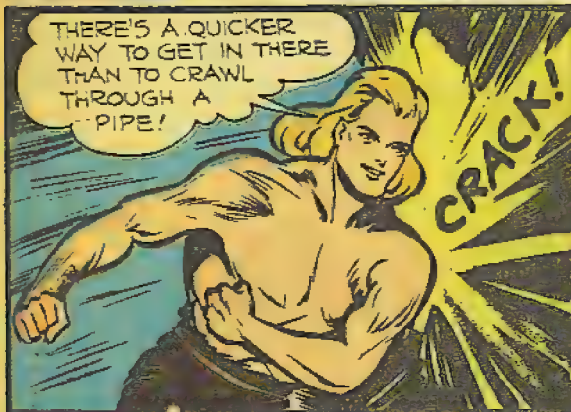


NO TIME FOR FORMALITIES!

RIP!

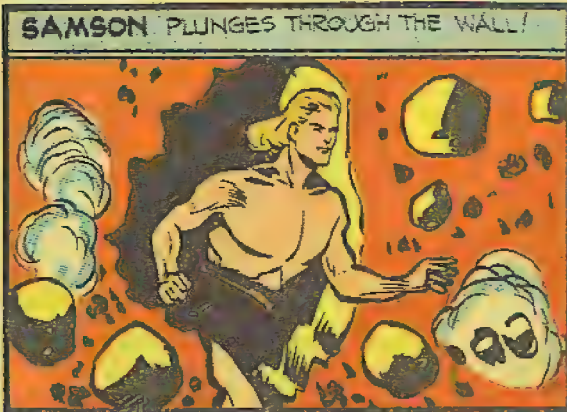


LOOK! THERE'S THE PIPE THROUGH WHICH THEY CRAWLED!

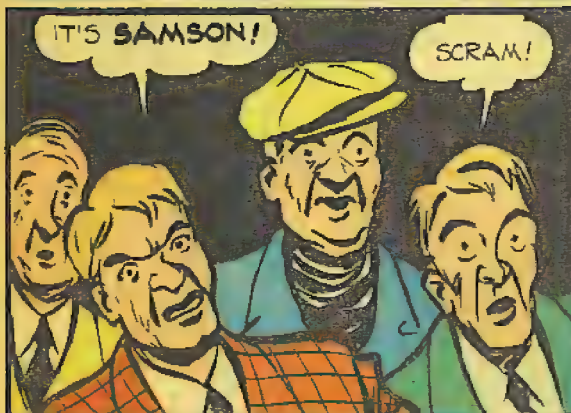


THERE'S A QUICKER WAY TO GET IN THERE THAN TO CRAWL THROUGH A PIPE!

CRACK!

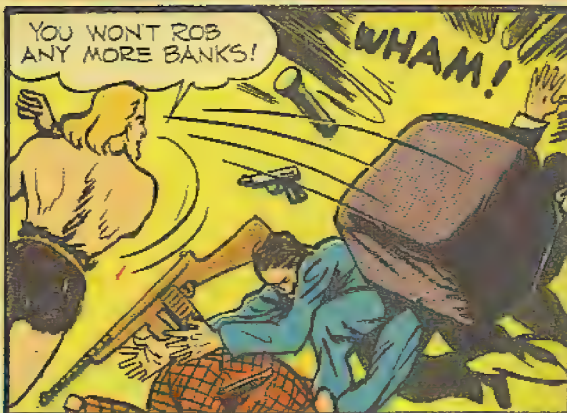


SAMSON PLUNGES THROUGH THE WALL!



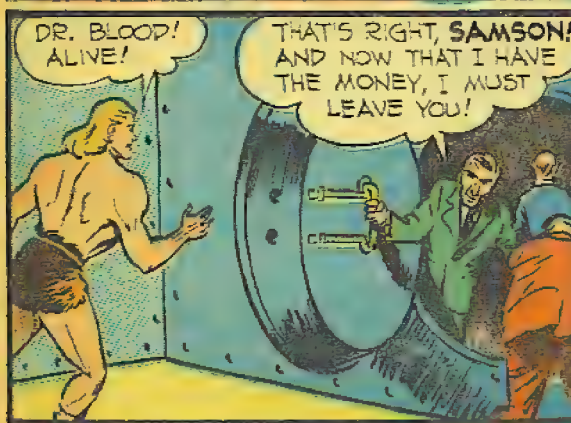
IT'S **SAMSON!**

SCRAM!



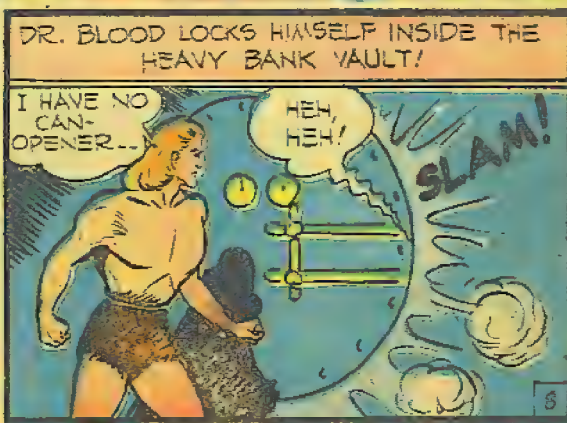
YOU WON'T ROB ANY MORE BANKS!

WHAM!



DR. BLOOD! ALIVE!

THAT'S RIGHT, **SAMSON!** AND NOW THAT I HAVE THE MONEY, I MUST LEAVE YOU!



DR. BLOOD LOCKS HIMSELF INSIDE THE HEAVY BANK VAULT!

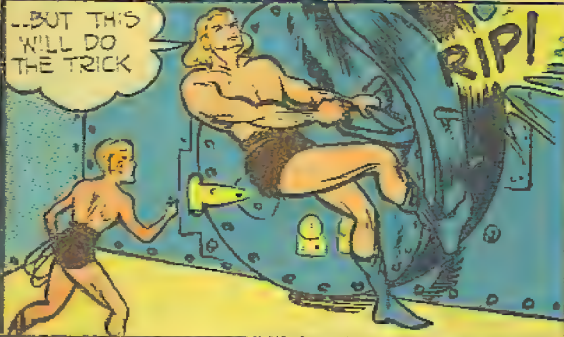
I HAVE NO CAN-OPENER...

HEH, HEH!

SLAM!

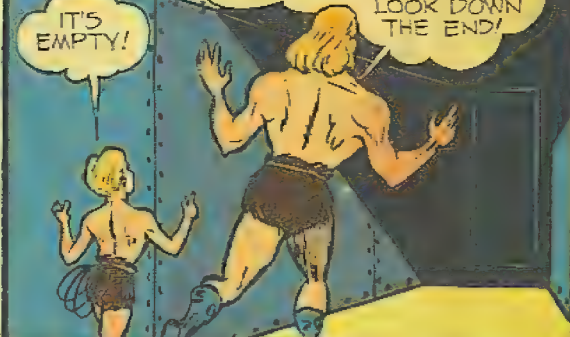
SAMSON RIPS THE DOOR OF THE VAULT

...BUT THIS
WILL DO
THE TRICK



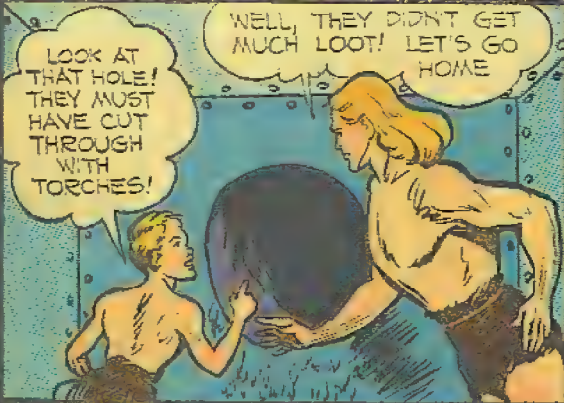
IT'S
EMPTY!

THERE'S NO PLACE DR. BLOOD
COULD HAVE GONE! LET'S
LOOK DOWN
THE END!



LOOK AT
THAT HOLE!
THEY MUST
HAVE CUT
THROUGH
WITH
TORCHES!

WELL, THEY DIDN'T GET
MUCH LOOT! LET'S GO
HOME



MEANWHILE... IN HIS HIDEOUT SEVERAL
BLOCKS AWAY---

GET THAT KID
THAT GOES AROUND
WITH **SAMSON**!
I'LL HAVE MY
REVENGE!

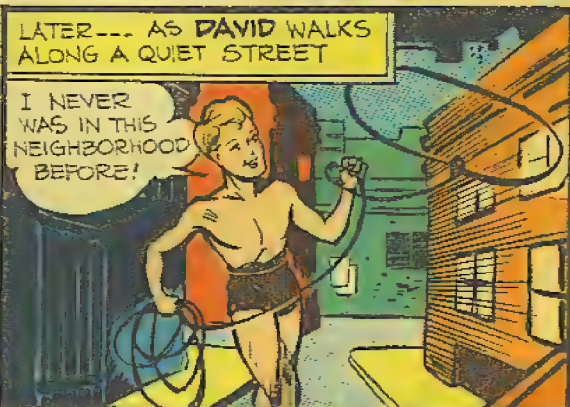


YES,
DR. BLOOD!



LATER... AS **DAVID** WALKS
ALONG A QUIET STREET

I NEVER
WAS IN THIS
NEIGHBORHOOD
BEFORE!



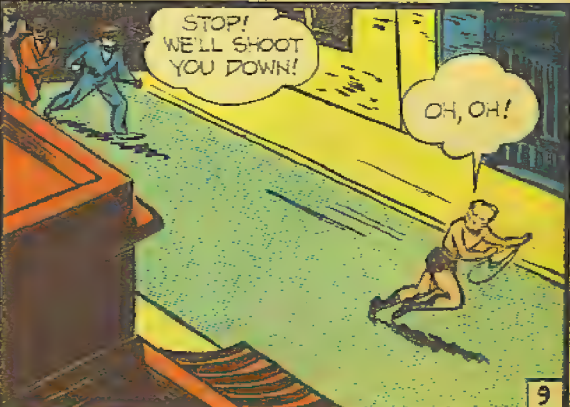
THAT'S
THE
KID!

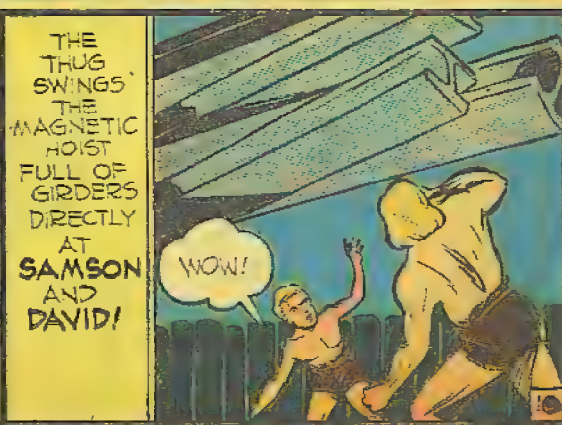
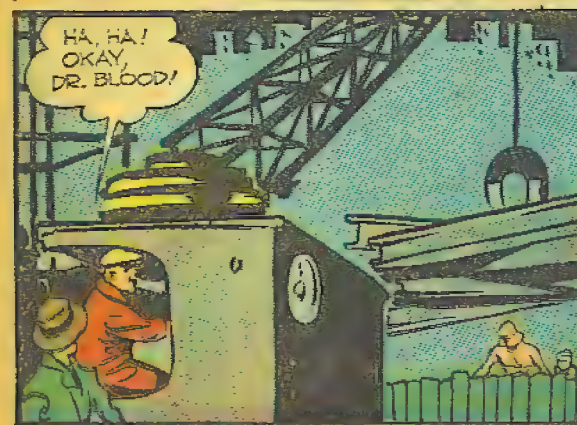
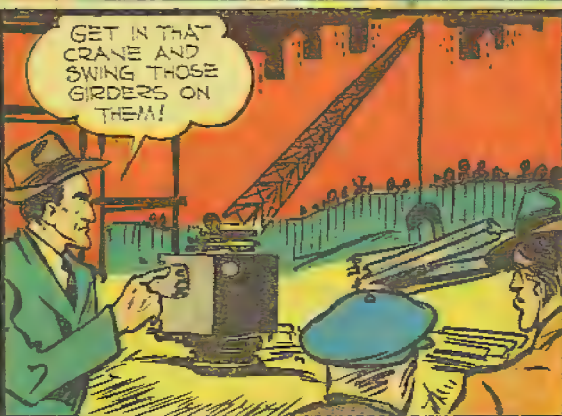
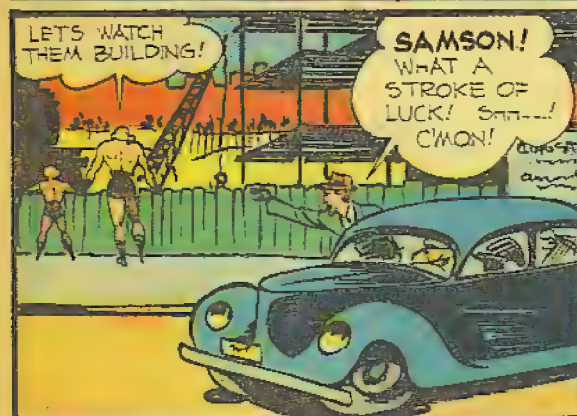
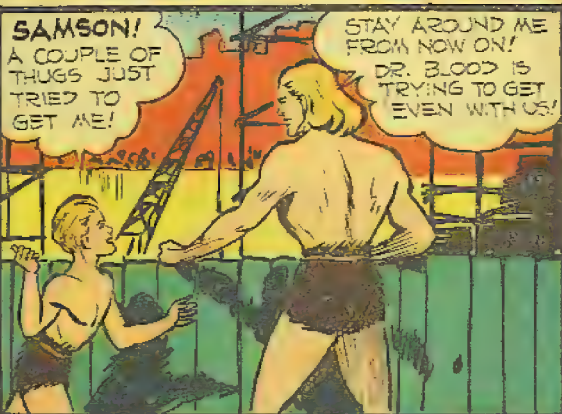
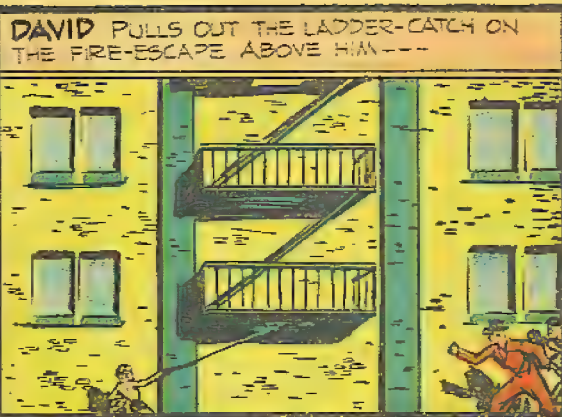
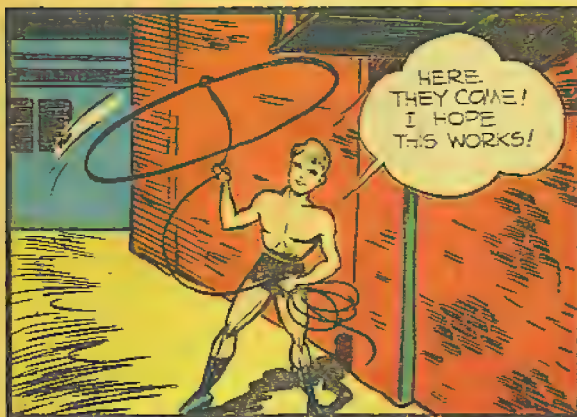
COME ON! DR. BLOOD
WANTS HIM!



STOP!
WE'LL SHOOT
YOU DOWN!

OH, OH!

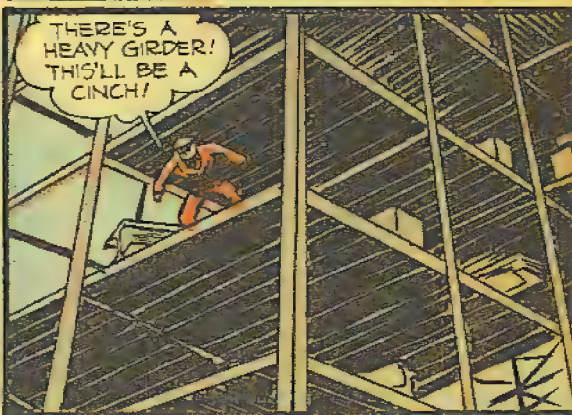
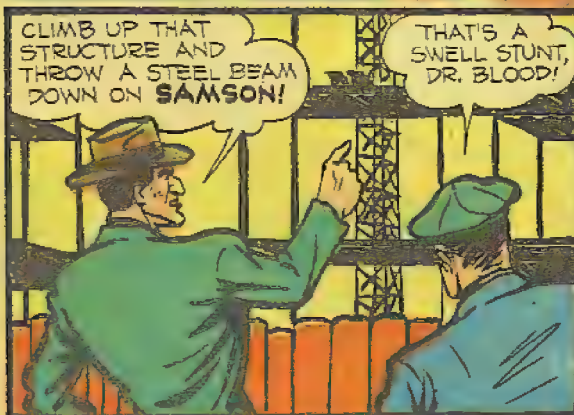
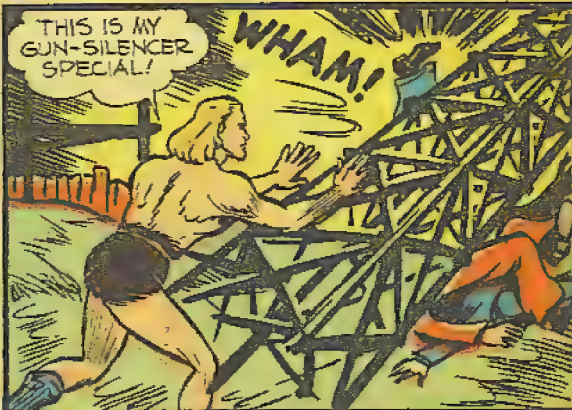
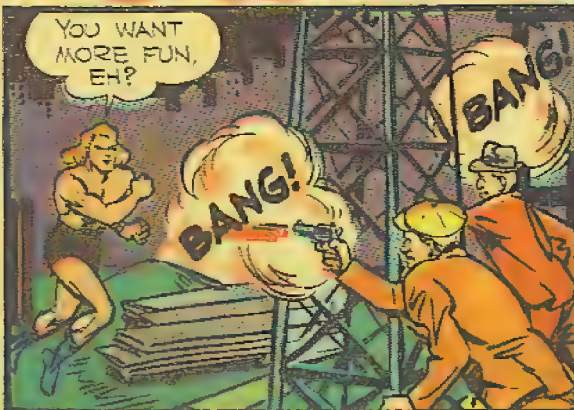
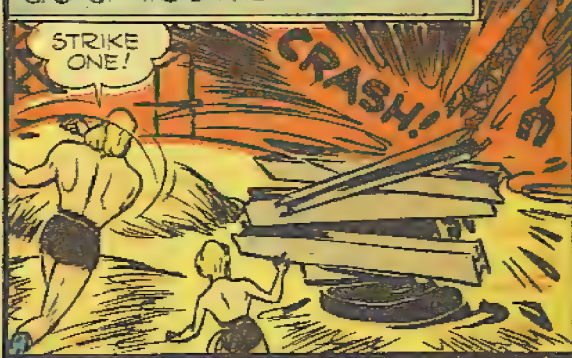




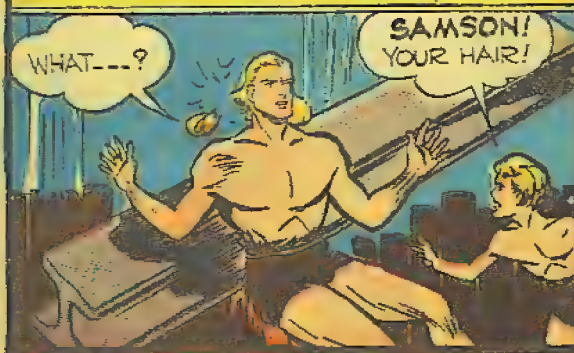
SAMSON CATCHES THE LOAD OF STEEL GIRDERS...



... AND HURLS THEM BACK INTO THE CAB OF THE CRANE!



THE FALLING GIRDER CUTS OFF SOME OF SAMSON'S HAIR! -----



SO! THE MIGHTY **SAMSON** IS AT LAST IN MY POWER! I HAVE A NICE PLAN FOR YOU AND YOUR LITTLE STOOGE!

G'WAN, YOU BIG LUG!

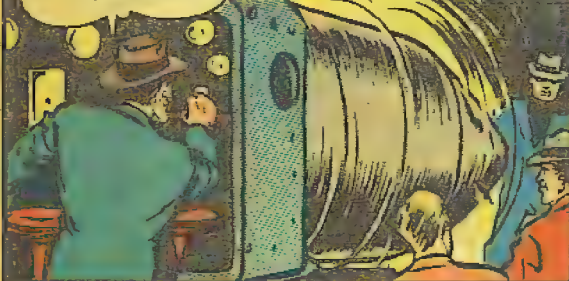


THROW THEM INTO THAT CONCRETE MIXER! WHEN THOSE BLADES INSIDE START MOVING THEY'LL BE MINCE-MEAT!



DR. BLOOD THROWS A SWITCH AND THE MIXER ROTATES! -----

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM THEM!



BACK TO THE HIDEOUT! I WANT TO PLAN AN ATTACK ON THE FEDERAL MINT!

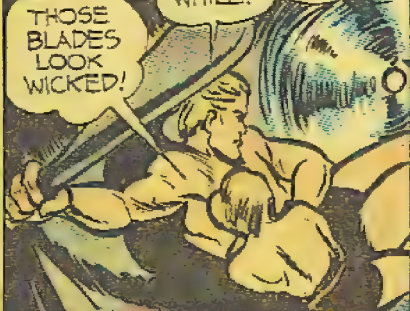
WOW... WE COULD MAKE OUR OWN DOUGH



MEANWHILE INSIDE THE MIXER, **SAMSON** HOLDS HIS BODY OUT WITH ONE HAND!

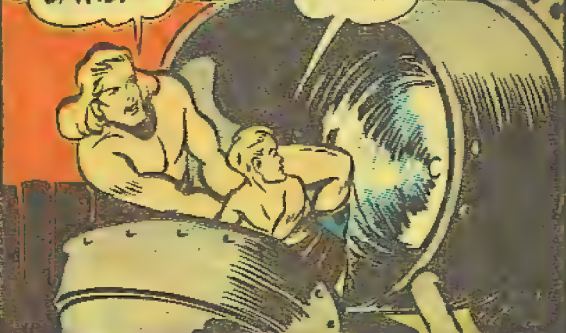
THEY DIDN'T CUT MUCH OF MY HAIR! I'LL BE STRONG AS EVER IN A LITTLE WHILE!

THOSE BLADES LOOK WICKED!



MY HAIR IS FULLY GROWN! COME ON, **DAVID**!

LUCKY YOUR HAIR GROWS FAST!



SAMSON! THERE'S ONE OF THE THUGS WHO CHASED ME BEFORE!

COME ON!



WE'D LIKE TO SEE **DR. BLOOD**

SAMSON! LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN DIGEST BULLETS!



SAMSON HURLS THE THUG THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR -----

NICE OF YOU TO INVITE US IN!

CRACK!

WELL, WE GOT IN! IS NO ONE GOING TO WELCOME US?

SAMSON---
LOOK OUT! THEY'RE ON THE STAIRCASE!

WHAT A NICE RECEPTION COMMITTEE!

OH! THERE'S DR. BLOOD WITH HIS PARALYZER RAY GUN!

GET OUTSIDE! QUICK!

PICKING UP THE TENEMENT HOUSE, **SAMSON** SMASHES IT INTO A FACTORY ACROSS THE STREET

THAT ENDS DR. BLOOD'S PLOTTING!

WHAT HAPPENED HERE --- AN EARTHQUAKE?

I JUST EXTERMINATED SOME VERMIN, CAPTAIN

HA, HA!

YOU SAY THAT WAS DR. BLOOD'S HIDEOUT? WHY--- YOU'VE DONE A FINE JOB IN CLEANING OUT THAT NEST OF CRIME!

I MERELY DID MY SMALL PART, CAPTAIN!

GEE, HE GAVE ME HIS CLUB!

READ ABOUT THE MIGHTY **SAMSON** AND **DAVID** IN THE NEXT ISSUE

The

BASIL
BEROLD

ENDOWED WITH THE POWER OVER FIRE, THE GREATEST SECRET OF THE GRAND HIGH LAMAS, THE FLAME CARRIES ON AN UNRELENTING, SINGLEHANDED WAR AGAINST CRIME AND RACKETEERS..... A GANG OF JEWEL SMUGGLERS HAVE COMMITTED A NUMBER OF RUTHLESS MURDERS AND ARE RUNNING RAMPANT IN A LARGE CITY...

SO YOU WERE GOING TO SQUEAL TO THE D.A.; YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO SQUEAL FROM NOW ON!

HERE'S THE OIL, SPIKE!

OH!
LEAVE ME GO!

THERE, SHE'S TIED UP AND THE RAGS ARE SOAKED WITH OIL, SET THEM AFIRE!

O'KAY CHIEF!

NO!
NO!

BUT AS THEY STRIKE A MATCH THE FLAME APPEARS...

IT'S THE FLAME!

I'M JUST IN TIME TO STOP ANOTHER FIENDISH MURDER!

OOOH!

I GOT ONE, BUT
THE OTHER ESCAPED...
I'LL RELEASE YOU AND
GET YOU OUT
OF HERE!

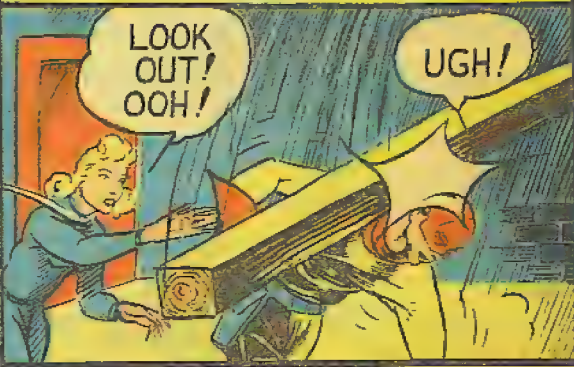
HURRY,
HE MAY
RETURN!



AS THEY REACH THE DOOR A HEAVY BEAM FALLS..

LOOK
OUT!
OOH!

UGH!



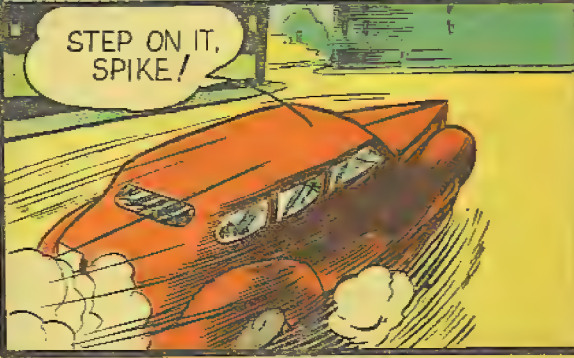
GOT HIM...
C'MON, SISTER, YOU'RE
TAKING A LITTLE
RIDE!

STOP!
YOU FIENDS!



THE THUGS SPEED OFF WITH THE GIRL...

STEP ON IT,
SPIKE!

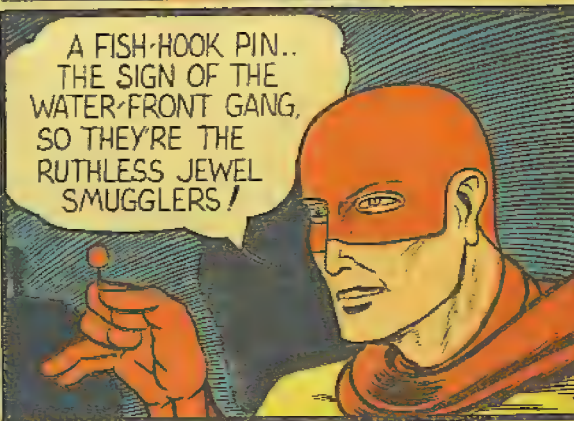


LATER THE FLAME REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

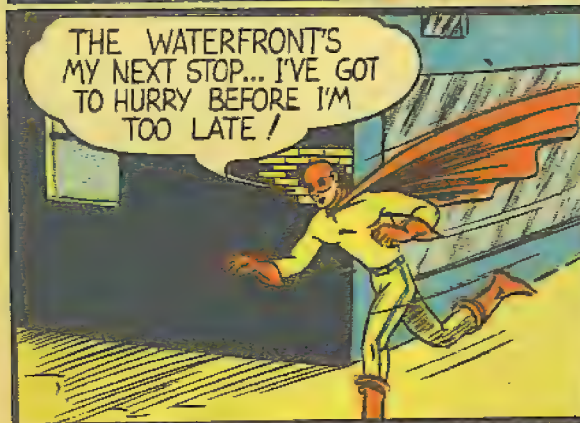
UH... THAT WAS SOME
BLOW... THEY'RE GONE!
WHAT'S THIS?



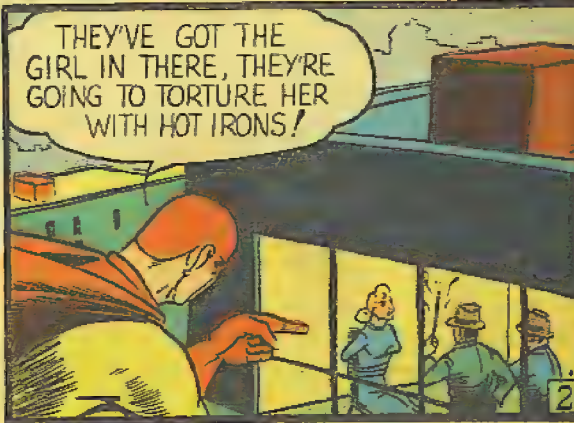
A FISH-HOOK PIN...
THE SIGN OF THE
WATER-FRONT GANG,
SO THEY'RE THE
RUTHLESS JEWEL
SMUGGLERS!

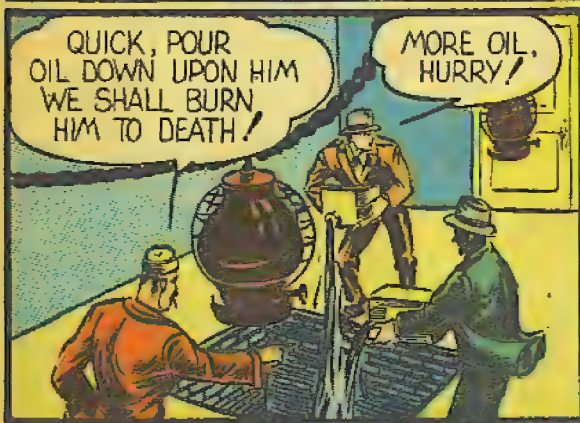
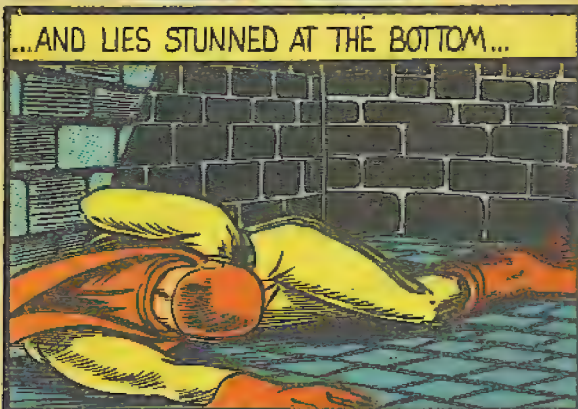
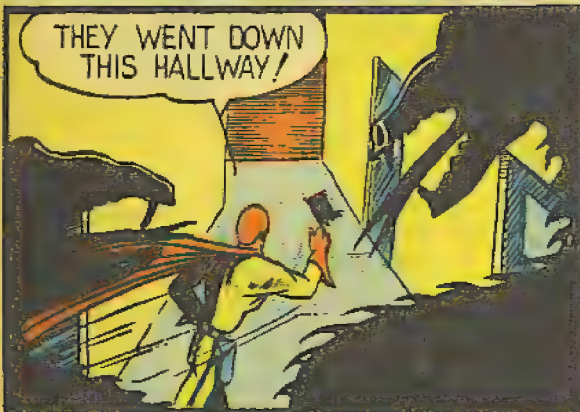
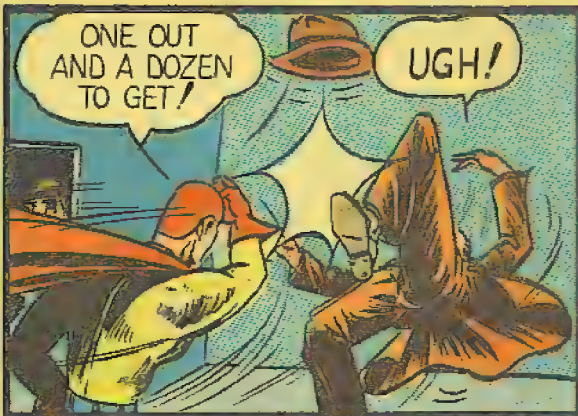
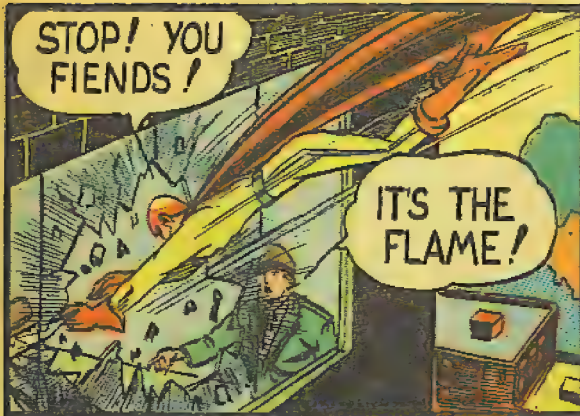


THE WATERFRONT'S
MY NEXT STOP... I'VE GOT
TO HURRY BEFORE I'M
TOO LATE!



THEY'VE GOT THE
GIRL IN THERE, THEY'RE
GOING TO TORTURE HER
WITH HOT IRONS!





WITH A ROAR A GREAT BURST OF FIRE
SHOOTS OUT OF THE PIT TOPPED BY THE
FLAME...

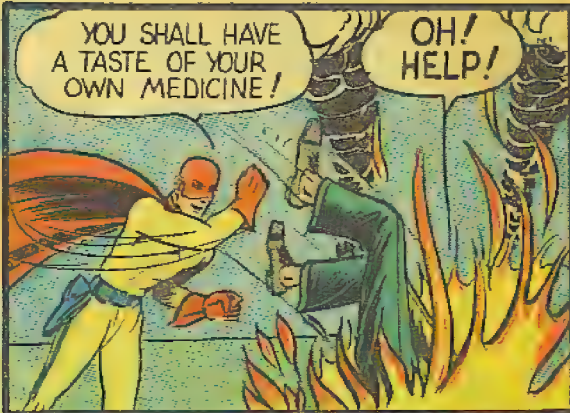
YOU FORGET
I THRIVE ON
FIRE!

LOOK! HE'S
ALIVE!



YOU SHALL HAVE
A TASTE OF YOUR
OWN MEDICINE!

OH!
HELP!

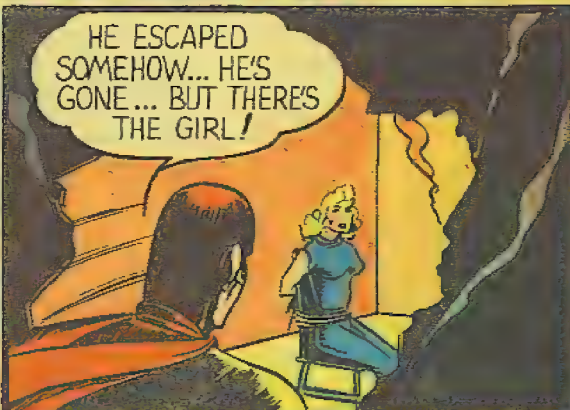


THE LEADER ESCAPES BEHIND A STEEL DOOR.

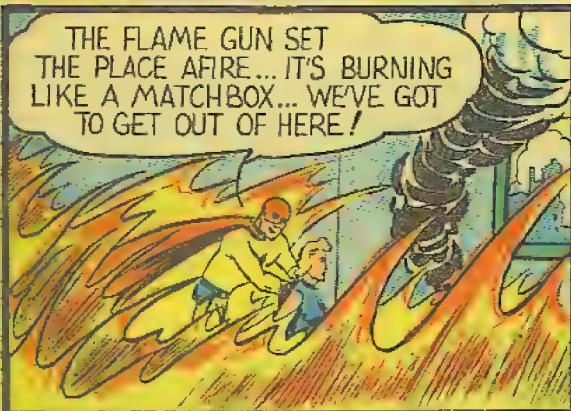
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE
ME, YOU VILLAIN... MY
FLAME GUN WILL
BURN A
WAY IN!



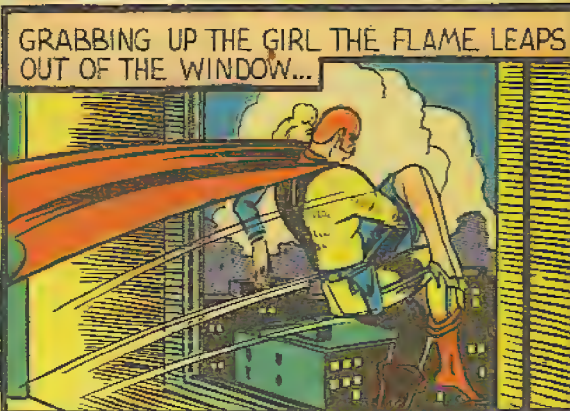
HE ESCAPED
SOMEHOW... HE'S
GONE... BUT THERE'S
THE GIRL!



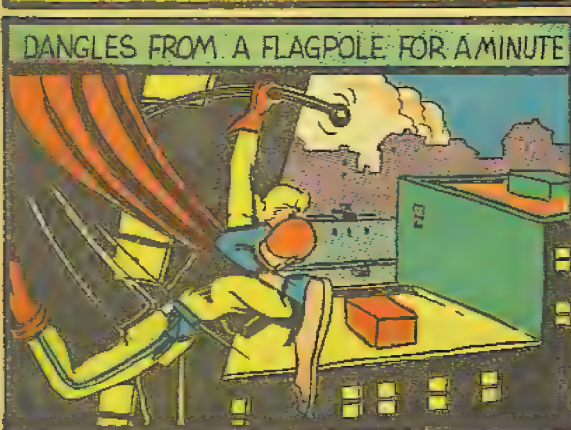
THE FLAME GUN SET
THE PLACE AFIRE... IT'S BURNING
LIKE A MATCHBOX... WE'VE GOT
TO GET OUT OF HERE!



GRABBING UP THE GIRL THE FLAME LEAPS
OUT OF THE WINDOW...

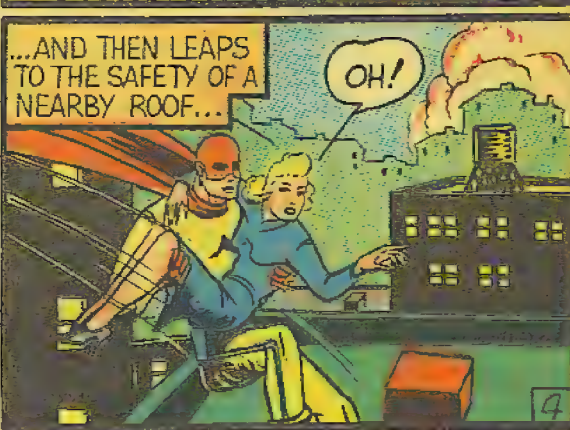


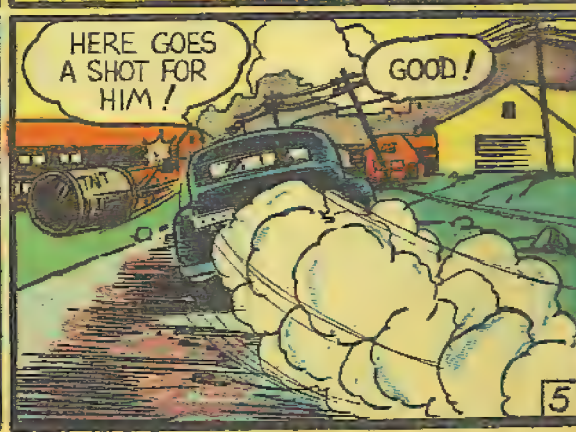
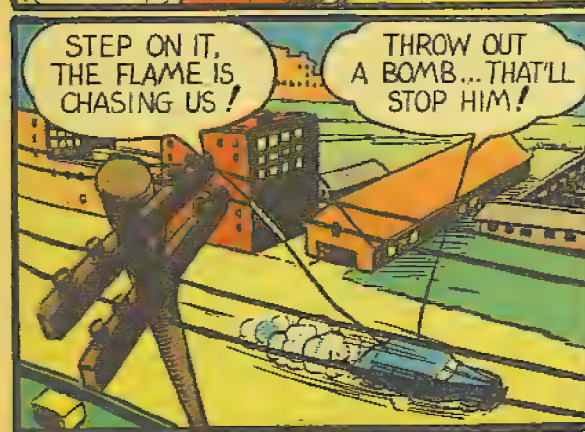
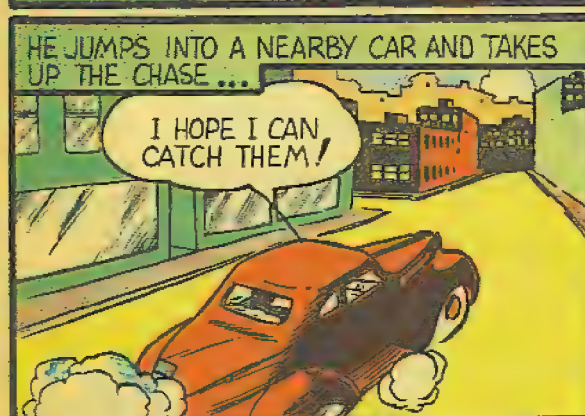
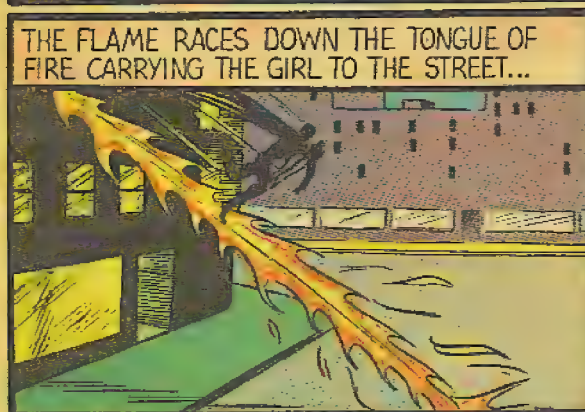
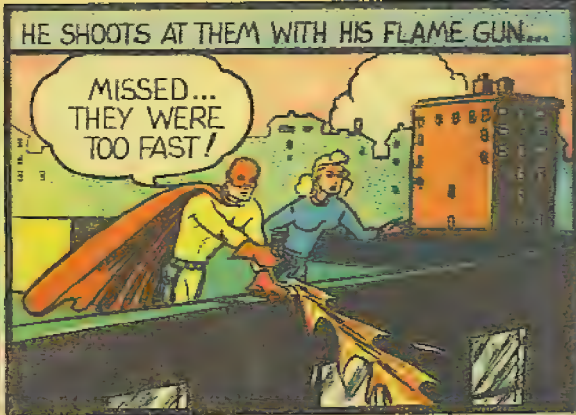
DANGLES FROM A FLAGPOLE FOR A MINUTE



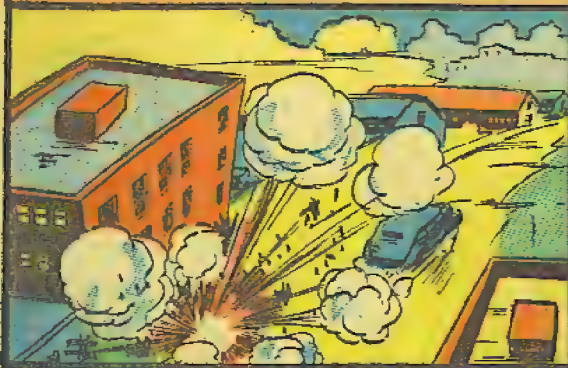
...AND THEN LEAPS
TO THE SAFETY OF A
NEARBY ROOF...

OH!





THE BOMB EXPLODES NEXT TO A BUILDING...



...AND AS THE FLAME RACES AFTER THEM A WHOLE WALL COLLAPSES AHEAD OF HIM...



DOOMED TO CRASH THE FLAME WHIPS OUT HIS FLAME GUN...



...AND RACES UP THE LONG TONGUE OF FIRE TO SAFETY...



...AS HIS CAR CRASHES INTO THE PILE OF BRICK BELOW...



FROM THE ROOF-TOP HE SPOTS THE GANG CAR...



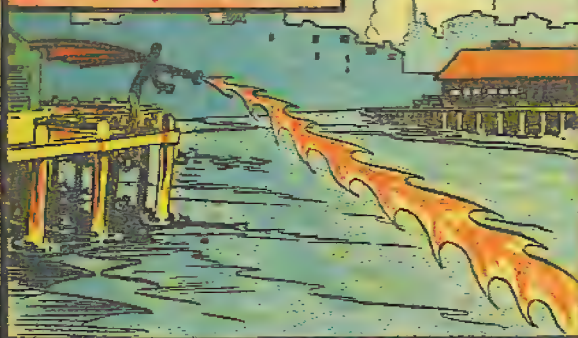
I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM SOMEHOW!



THE SHORTEST CUT IS ACROSS THE WATER... MY FLAME GUN SHOULD DO THE TRICK!



HE SHOOTS A LONG TONGUE OF FIRE ACROSS
THE TOP OF THE WATER...



... AND RACES ON THE PATH OF FIRE ACROSS
THE WATER FOR THE DOCK...



MADE IT... THEY
HAVEN'T LEFT YET...
THEY MUST BE IN THE
WAREHOUSE!



CAN'T GO IN
HERE, MISTER!

SAYS YOU!

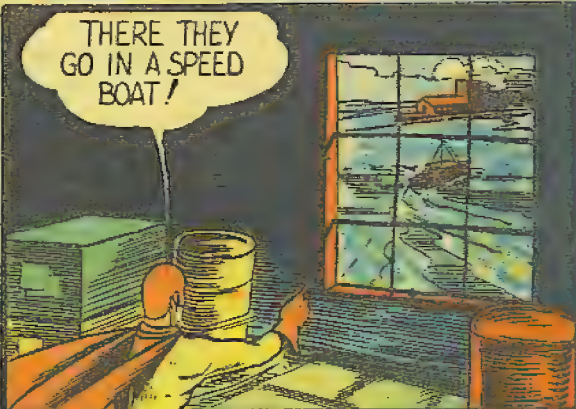


OUT OF MY
WAY... I'VE NO TIME
TO WASTE!

UGH!



THERE THEY
GO IN A SPEED
BOAT!

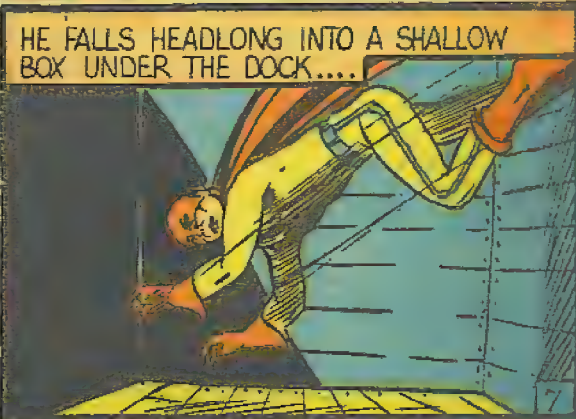


JUST THEN PART OF THE FLOOR GIVES WAY...

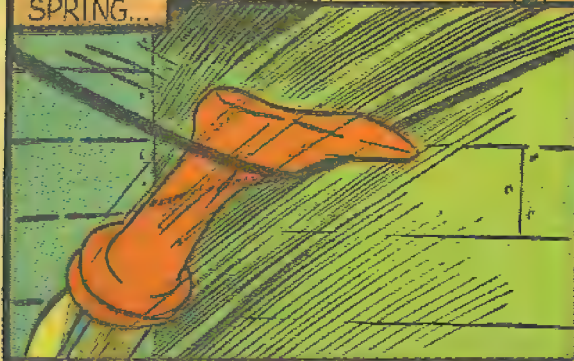
ANOTHER
TRAP!



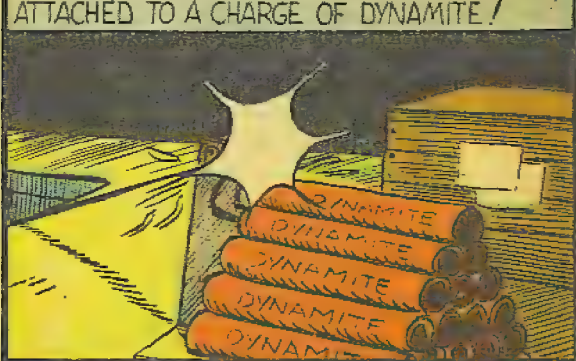
HE FALLS HEADLONG INTO A SHALLOW
BOX UNDER THE DOCK....



AS HE FALLS HIS FOOT CATCHES ONTO A SPRING...



...WHICH AUTOMATICALLY SETS OFF A FUSE ATTACHED TO A CHARGE OF DYNAMITE!

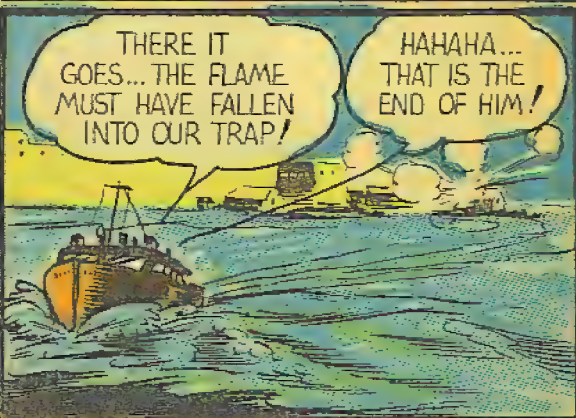


...AND THE WHOLE WAREHOUSE IS BLOWN TO BITS....

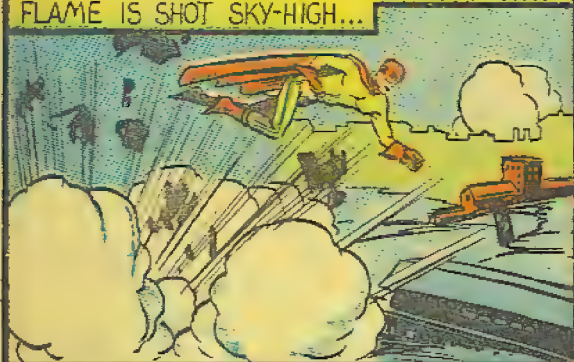


THERE IT GOES... THE FLAME MUST HAVE FALLEN INTO OUR TRAP!

HAHAHA... THAT IS THE END OF HIM!



IN THE MIDDLE OF THE EXPLOSION THE FLAME IS SHOT SKY-HIGH...



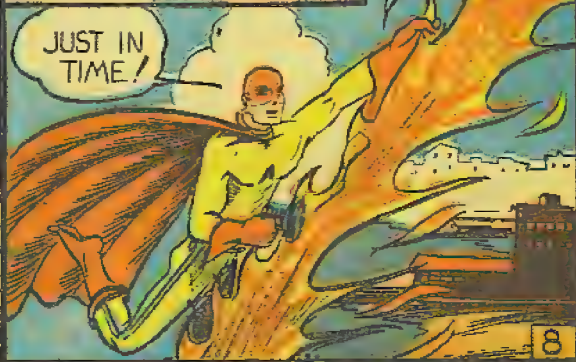
HE WHIPS OUT HIS FLAME GUN...



...AND SHOOTS A TONGUE OF FIRE TOWARD THE GROUND...



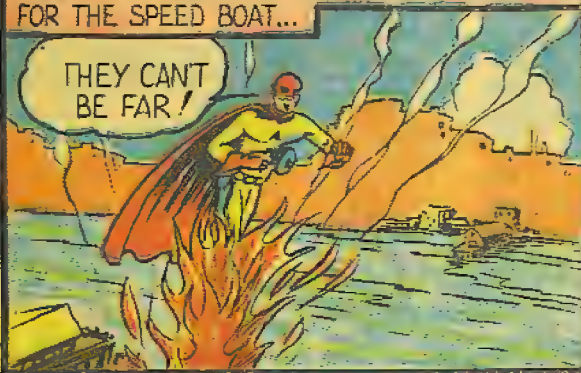
...AND BREAKS HIS FALL...



JUST IN TIME!

FROM THE TOWER OF FIRE THE FLAME LOOKS FOR THE SPEED BOAT...

THEY CAN'T BE FAR!

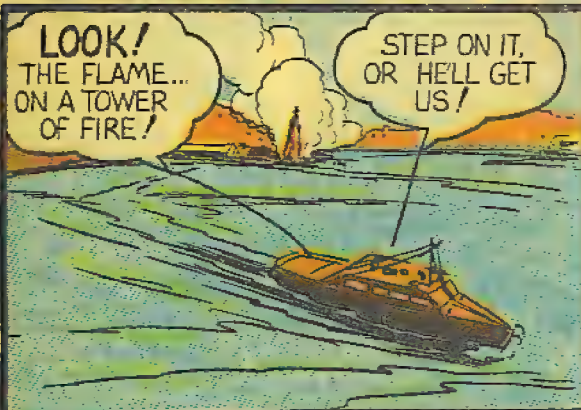


THERE THEY ARE... I'LL GET THEM THIS TIME!



LOOK! THE FLAME... ON A TOWER OF FIRE!

STEP ON IT, OR HE'LL GET US!

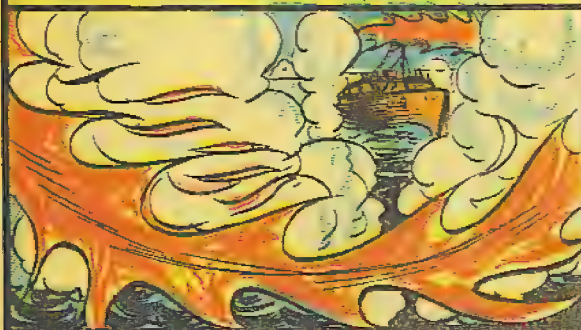


TAKING CAREFUL AIM THE FLAME SHOOTS A LONG TONGUE OF FIRE AT THE BOAT...

THIS'LL STOP THEM!

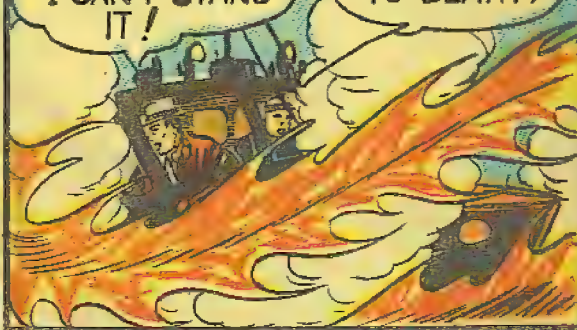


AS IT HITS THE WATER NEAR THE BOAT IT SENDS UP CLOUDS OF BOILING STEAM...



THE HEAT! I CAN'T STAND IT!

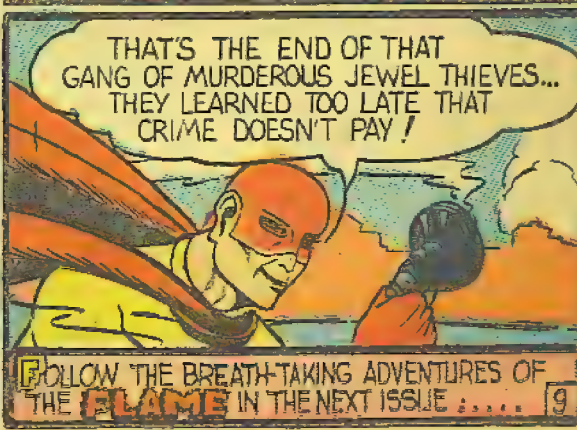
WE'LL BURN TO DEATH!



THE GAS TANK EXPLODES FROM THE TERRIFK HEAT, BLOWING THE BOAT TO BITS...



THAT'S THE END OF THAT GANG OF MURDEROUS JEWEL THIEVES... THEY LEARNED TOO LATE THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY!



FOLLOW THE BREATHTAKING ADVENTURES OF THE **FLAME** IN THE NEXT ISSUE

Thorn

BY BASIL BEROLD

ENDOWED WITH THE POWER OVER FIRE, THE GREATEST SECRET OF THE GRAND HIGH LAMAS, THE FLAME CARRIES ON AN UNRELENTING, SINGLEHANDED WAR AGAINST CRIME AND RACKETEERS... SHYLOCKS HAVE BEEN TORTURING POOR PEOPLE TO PAY EXORBITANT INTEREST ON SMALL LOANS...AND THEY HAVE TERRORIZED THE PEOPLE...

SO YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE MONEY... THIS'LL BE A LESSON TO YOU... YOU'LL PAY UP NEXT TIME!

GIVE IT TO HIM, SPIKE!

UGH!

WE SHOULD FINISH HIM OFF AS A LESSON TO THE REST OF THE PEOPLE!

YEH, WE'LL THROW AN INCENDIARY BOMB AT HIM AS WE LEAVE IN THE CAR!

THERE IT GOES!

THAT'LL BURN THE LIFE OUT OF HIM!

BUT AS THE BOMB EXPLODES THE FLAME APPEARS HOLDING THE INTENDED VICTIM...

I ARRIVED JUST IN TIME!

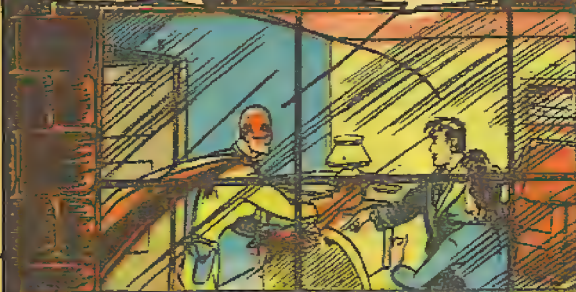
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHY ARE THEY
TRYING TO GET RID
OF YOU?

IT'S A GANG OF
MURDERING MONEY
LENDERS...I'VE PAID
THEM BACK TEN TIMES
WHAT I BORROWED, STILL
THEY WANT MORE!



THEY MAY COME
TONIGHT... I DON'T
KNOW WHAT TO DO!

HAVE NO
FEAR... I WILL
WAIT FOR THEM!



THIS IS THE
PLACE... HE LIVES
ON THE TOP
FLOOR!

C'MON, GANG!

THEY RETURN!



IT'S THE LOAN
RACKET... RUTHLESS
GANGSTERS... THEY
MUST BE STOPPED!

THEY HAVE
MURDERED SEVERAL
IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD...
NOW THEY THREATEN
TO HARM MY
DAUGHTER!

DAD!



MEANTIME AT THE GANG HIDEOUT...

SOMETHING WENT
WRONG... THAT GUY WE
WERE SUPPOSED TO
RUB OUT DIDN'T
DIE!

C'MON, WE'LL
MAKE SURE
THIS TIME!



C'MON, SISTER,
YOU'RE TAKING A
LITTLE RIDE UNTIL
YOUR OLD MAN
PAYS UP!

NO!
OH!

LEAVE
HER ALONE!



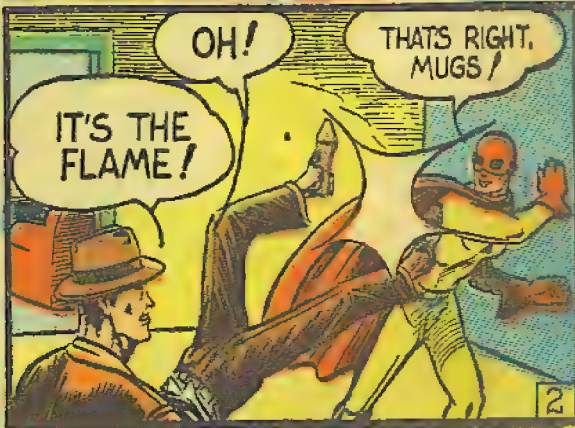
NOT SO FAST,
YOU MURDERING
THUGS!

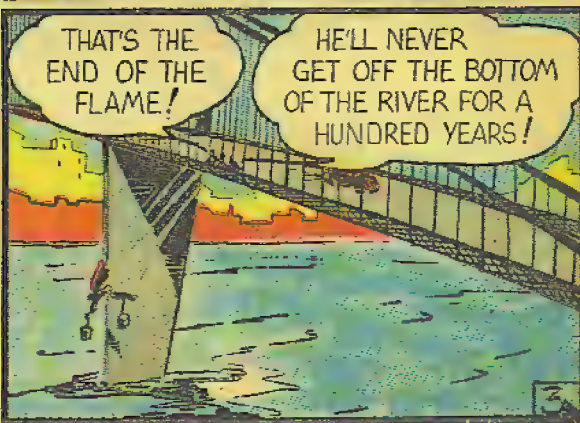
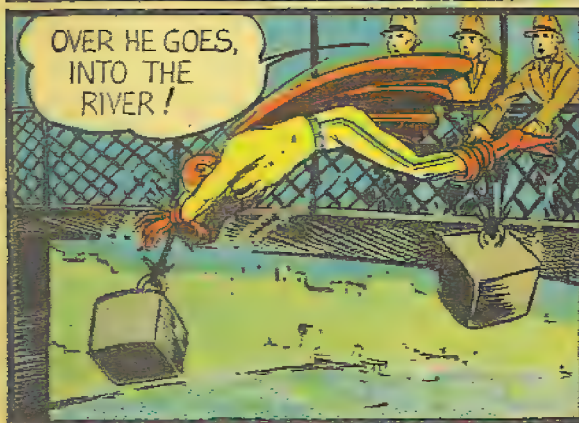
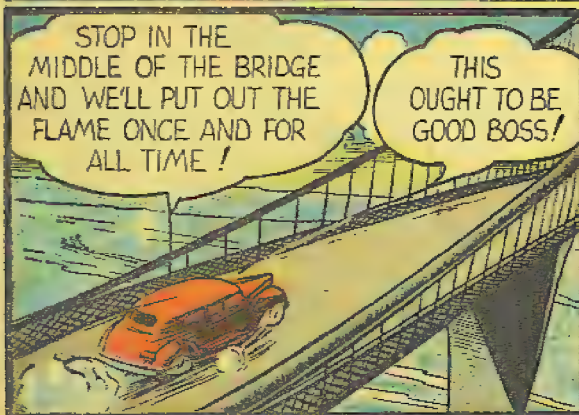
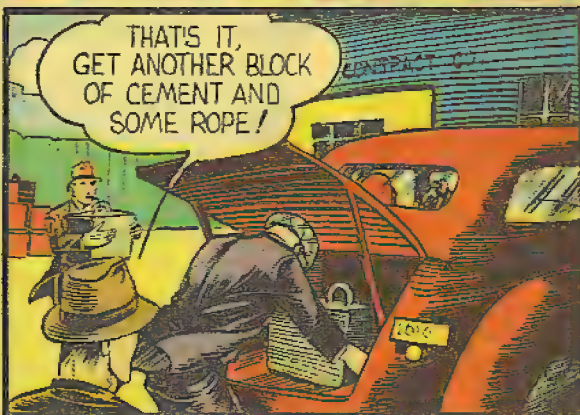


OH!

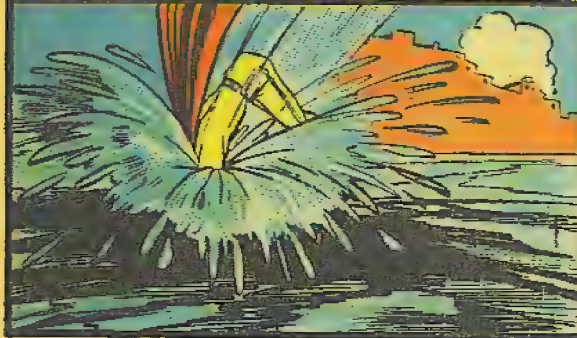
THAT'S RIGHT,
MUGS!

IT'S THE
FLAME!

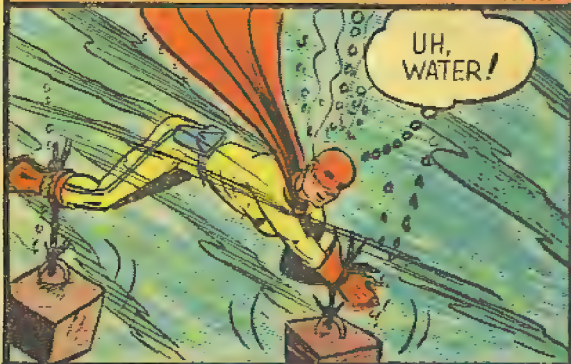




HEAVILY WEIGHTED THE FLAME HITS THE RIVER WITH A SICKENING SPLASH...



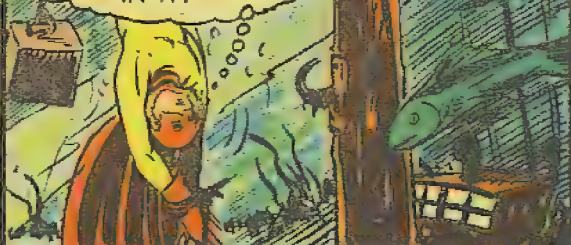
THE COLD WATER REVIVES HIM AS HE SINKS...



... BUT ONE OF THE WEIGHTS CATCHES ON THE MAST OF A SUNKEN DERELICT...



WHAT'S THIS ?
A ROUGH HOOK... THAT
WILL DO THE TRICK IF I
CAN GET THE ROPE
IN IT!



THE FLAME WORKS FRANTICALLY, SAWING
THE ROPE ON THE HOOK...



THERE... NOW
FOR MY FLAME
GUN!



HE BURNS THE WEIGHT OFF HIS FEET WITH HIS
FLAME GUN FORMING CLOUDS OF STEAM...



ABOVE, IMMENSE CLOUDS OF STEAM SHOOT
OUT OF THE WATER...

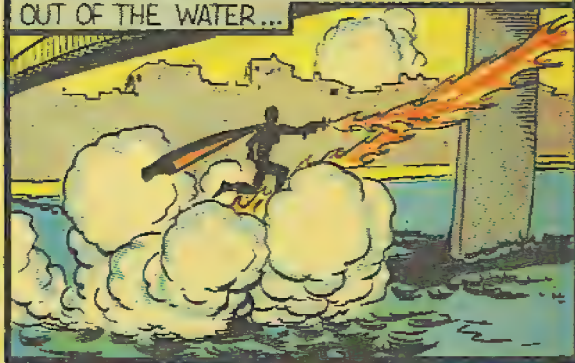


QUICKLY THE FLAME SHOOTS A TONGUE OF FIRE UP THROUGH THE WATER...

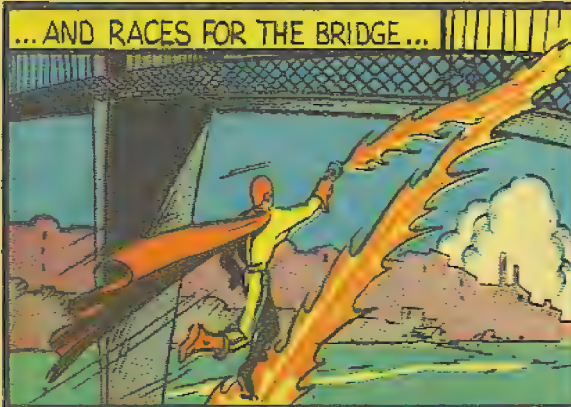
NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE!



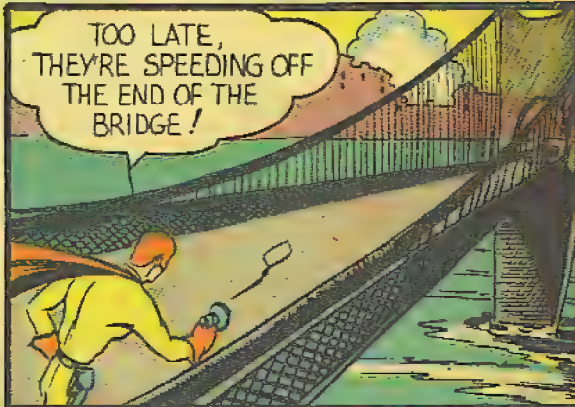
...AND DASHES UP THE LONG PATH OF FIRE OUT OF THE WATER...



... AND RACES FOR THE BRIDGE ...



TOO LATE, THEY'RE SPEEDING OFF THE END OF THE BRIDGE!



I'LL GET THEM ON THE CURVE!



CAREFULLY THE FLAME TAKES AIM AT THE FLEEING CAR WITH HIS FLAME GUN...

I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!



THE SEARING FLAME CUTS THE FRONT END OF THE CAR FREE...

LOOK OUT!

WOW!



THE CAR SLITHERS INTO A POST...

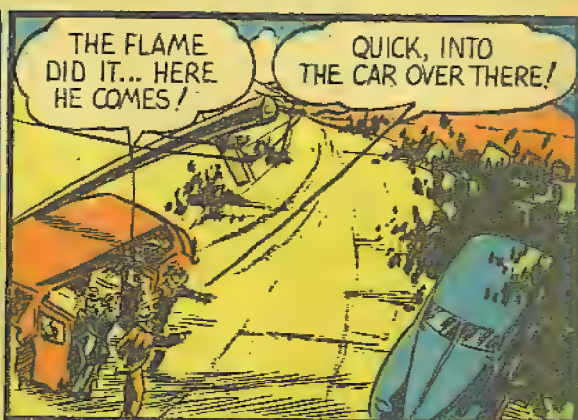
HELP!

GRASH



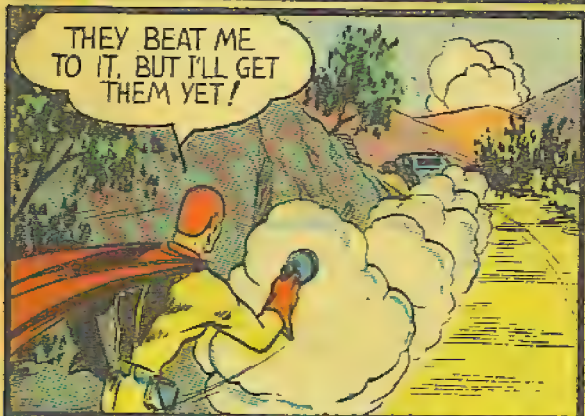


NOW I'LL GET THEM!

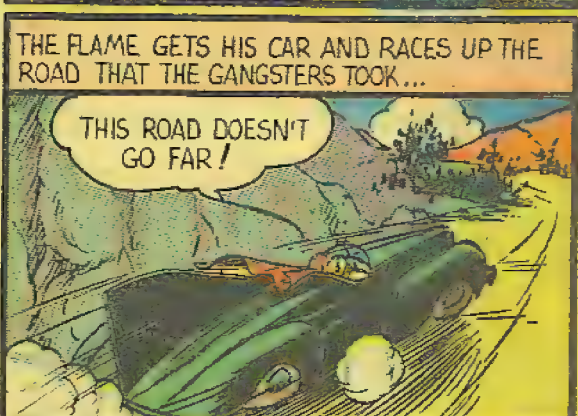


THE FLAME DID IT... HERE HE COMES!

QUICK, INTO THE CAR OVER THERE!

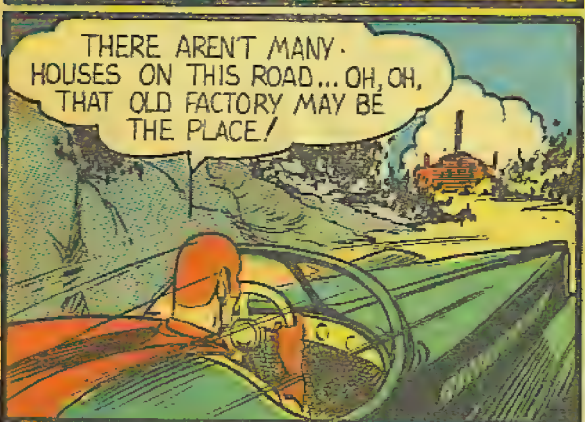


THEY BEAT ME TO IT, BUT I'LL GET THEM YET!



THE FLAME GETS HIS CAR AND RACES UP THE ROAD THAT THE GANGSTERS TOOK...

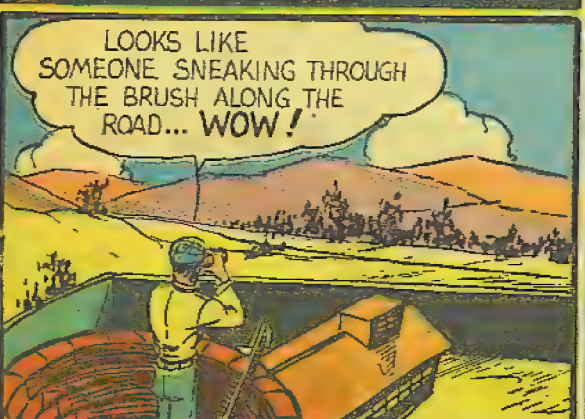
THIS ROAD DOESN'T GO FAR!



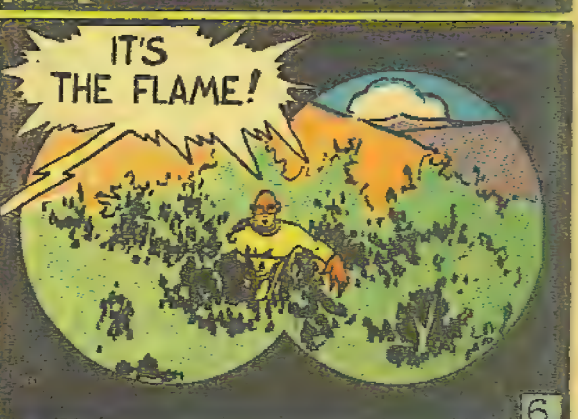
THERE AREN'T MANY HOUSES ON THIS ROAD... OH, OH, THAT OLD FACTORY MAY BE THE PLACE!



I'LL LEAVE MY CAR HERE AND TAKE A LOOK AROUND!



LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE SNEAKING THROUGH THE BRUSH ALONG THE ROAD... WOW!



IT'S THE FLAME!

I'LL POP HIM OFF
QUICK WITH THIS AUTOMATIC
RIFLE... HE'LL WISH HE NEVER
SNOOPED AROUND HERE!



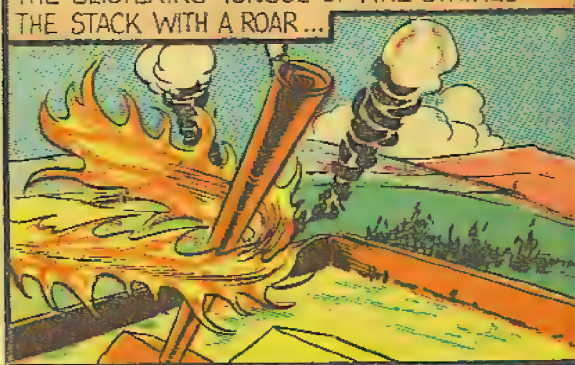
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT
IN A HURRY WITH MY FLAME
GUN!



THEY'RE SHOOTING
AT ME FROM THAT OLD
SMOKE STACK!



THE BLISTERING TONGUE OF FIRE STRIKES
THE STACK WITH A ROAR...

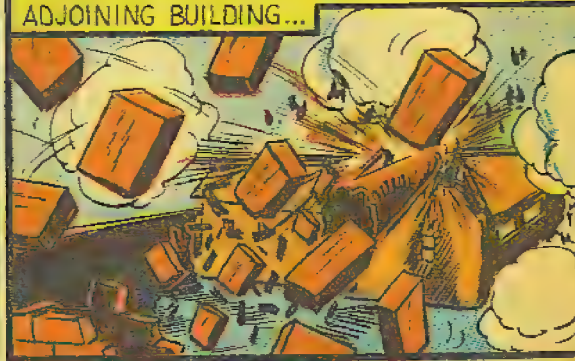


THE SMOKE STACK CRUMBLES HURLING THE
GANGSTER TO HIS DEATH...

HELP!



TONS OF BRICKS CRUSH DOWN UPON THE
ADJOINING BUILDING...



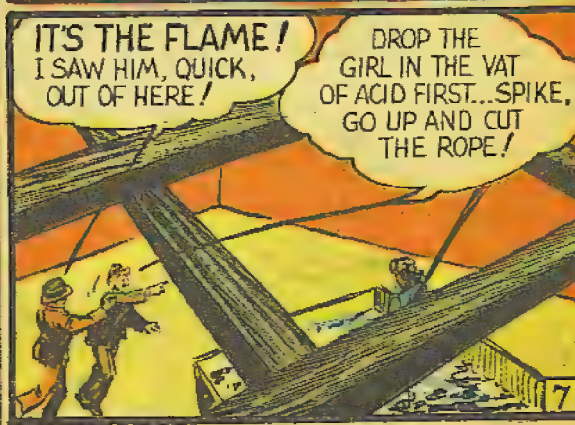
THE PLACE IS
CAVING IN... WE GOTTA
GET OUT OF HERE!

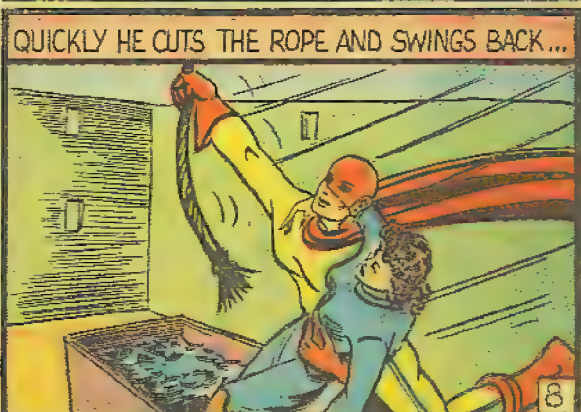
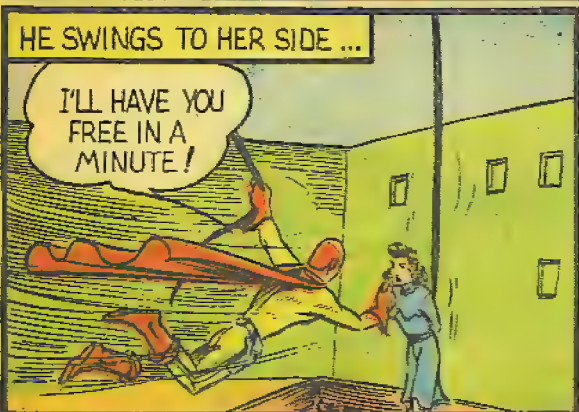
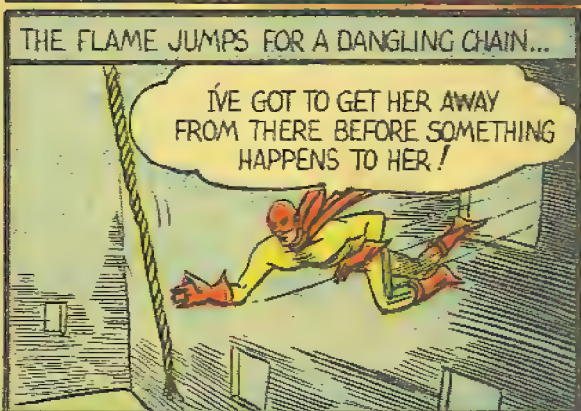
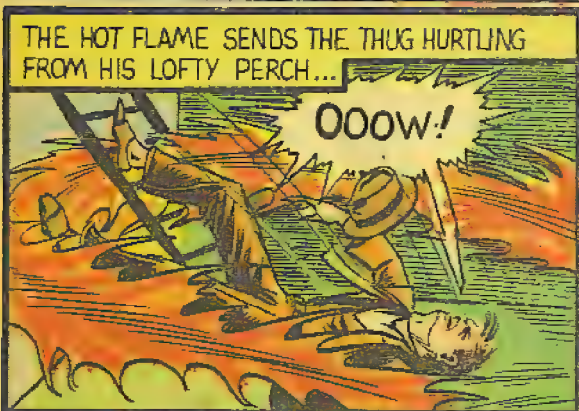
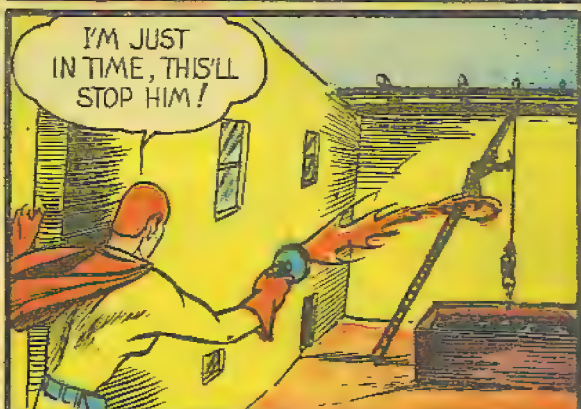
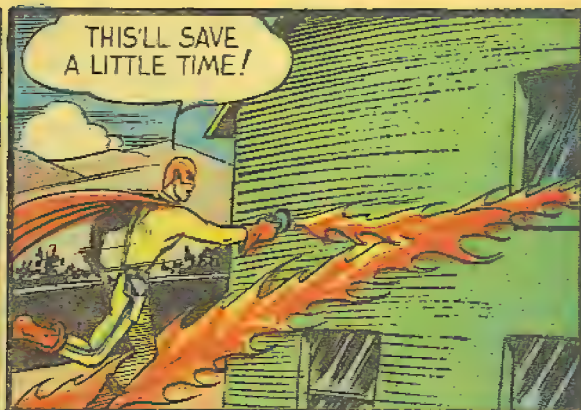
WHAT?



IT'S THE FLAME!
I SAW HIM, QUICK,
OUT OF HERE!

DROP THE
GIRL IN THE VAT
OF ACID FIRST... SPIKE,
GO UP AND CUT
THE ROPE!



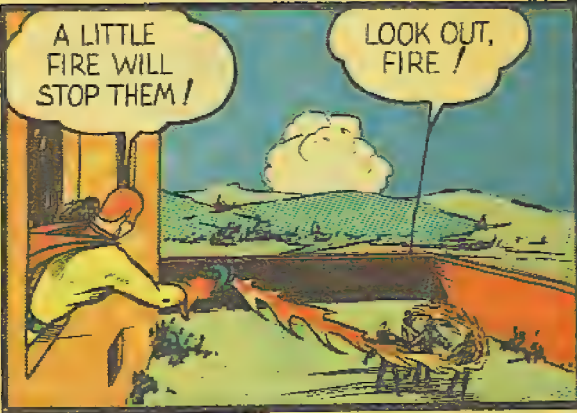


THE GANG'S TRYING
TO ESCAPE IN THAT CAR,
THEY'RE NOT GOING ANY
PLACE YET!



A LITTLE
FIRE WILL
STOP THEM!

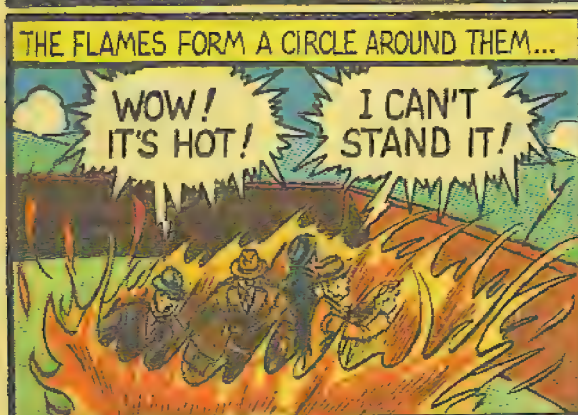
LOOK OUT,
FIRE!



THE FLAMES FORM A CIRCLE AROUND THEM...

WOW!
IT'S HOT!

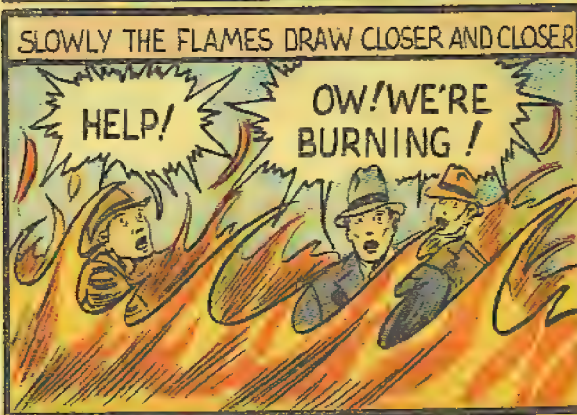
I CAN'T
STAND IT!



SLOWLY THE FLAMES DRAW CLOSER AND CLOSER

HELP!

OW! WE'RE
BURNING!

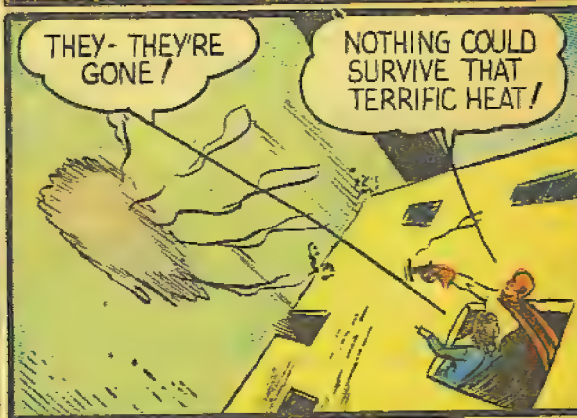


SUDDENLY THEY CONVERGE WITH A LOUD ROAR
AND THE GANGSTERS ARE NO MORE...



THEY- THEY'RE
GONE!

NOTHING COULD
SURVIVE THAT
TERRIFIC HEAT!



COME, I'LL TAKE YOU AWAY FROM HERE...
MY CAR IS DOWN THE ROAD... I'LL SEE YOU
SAFELY HOME... YOUR FATHER
WILL BE ANXIOUS!



THEN WE'LL
NEVER BE BOTHERED
BY THOSE HORRID
GANGSTERS
AGAIN!

NO, THEY'LL NEVER
BOTHER ANYONE AGAIN...
CRIME ALWAYS PAYS
GRIM DIVIDENDS!



WATCH FOR MORE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF
THE FLAME IN THE NEXT ISSUE...

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN GOES MODERN

By N. N. NATHANIEL



"Himmel, look at that!" Captain von Martz ejaculated.

Oberleutnant von Seidorff obediently peered through the periscope. His jaws parted.

"A Seventeenth Century full-rigged ship, Herr Korvettenkapitan von Martz," he said in even tones as though not believing his eyes.

"We'll send a torpedo through her," von Martz shrugged, "She may be a Q-boat, who knows."

"Jawohl."

Von Martz looked through the periscope again.

"Torpedo tube number one . . . two degrees starboard . . . ready . . . fire!"

The torpedo sped on its deadly mission toward the ship. When it struck the hull, it did not explode, for there was nothing to set off its detonator. It went right through the ship and continued its course beyond it until its fuel gave out.

"Donnerwetter!" von Martz barked, "Look again, Herr Oberleutnant von Seidorff. Tell me if she's a ship."

The young junior officer peered again through the periscope.

"Ja, Herr Korvettenkapitan von Martz, she's a ship. Did the torpedo miss?"

"Impossible. It struck the hull and went right through as if nothing happened. Something must be wrong with my senses."

"It's impossible to see clearly through the periscope because it was slightly damaged by the destroyer that dropped depth charges after we sank a liner," von Seidorff said tactfully.

"You're right, but a torpedo's too expensive to waste on that ship. Rothmann, any propellers?"

Rothmann pressed the audio-phones against his ears.

"Nein, Herr Korvettenkapitan. Not one propeller on surface."

"Good. Blow the tanks."

The U-134 broke surface gracefully. It settled on the water amid a swish of waves. Von Martz emerged on the conning tower first, followed by von Seidorff.

"There she is!" von Martz said triumphantly.

"It will be easy to shell her," von Seidorff observed with the professional eye of a trained expert.

"Two shells will send her to the bottom," von Martz laughed.

"But the poor people? It's so far from land."

Von Martz shrugged his shoulders. "Orders are orders. It's too bad if they drown. Perhaps it will be better to machine gun them to death. It's less painful!"

The submarine's gun crew sprang to the sponsons and unlimbered the 4.7 inch rifle. Swinging it around, they loaded it and rammed the charge home. The gunner aimed carefully, taking account of wind and elevation. He looked at von Martz.

The skipper studied the ship through his binoculars.

"There's something queer about that ship, von Seidorff," he said, "She looks like a ghost, but it may be the sunlight. Fire!"

The cannon barked its song of death.

The first shot was a miss!

"Dummkopf!" von Martz

roared with rage, "Three months I trained you to shoot straight, yet you miss! Reload."

The abashed gun crew rammed a fresh shell into the hungry breech of the gun.

Something had happened to the ship. As if she heard and felt the shell, the ship swung and came tearing toward the submarine with the speed of a charging bull. It was queer that she sailed exactly against the wind!

"Fire!" von Martz thundered, cold sweat breaking on his brow.

The gun barked again. The second shot made no effect on the rushing ship which was dangerously close to the submarine.

With a bellow of rage, von Martz sprang from the conning tower to the deck. He pushed the gunner aside.

"I'll aim, Schweinkopf!" he shouted.

The gunner's face reddened under the epithet.

Von Martz aimed at the oncoming ship directly where the shell would strike according to his pointer. He pressed the trips. The gun cracked. Still nothing happened to the ship.

Von Martz stared at the ship with unbelief.

"Herr Korvettenkapitan, she's not a ship. She's the Flying Dutchman!" von Seidorff shouted.

Before he realized the implication of the junior officer's words, the Flying Dutchman struck the submarine. Yet there was no impact. Her ghostly form merely swallowed the U-134 and stopped.

A tall man with a flaming red beard stepped from the Flying

Dutchman's quarterdeck. He picked a belaying pin and sprang to the submarine's deck. The crew shrank before him. Only von Martz stood, facing him, but he trembled with unnamed fear.

Slowly and with extreme deliberation, the tall red-bearded man walked toward von Martz. The German broke under strain. He fell on his knees, whimpering for mercy.

"No, no, Captain Van Der Decken, no!" von Martz screamed, addressing the Flying Dutchman by his name.

The sounds of cannonfire had disturbed the placid but watchful patrol of the destroyer, H. M. S. Spitfire. By means of audiophones, the crew located the source. With smoke belching from her funnels, and her ventilators screaming as they sucked air into the engine room, she rushed like a greyhound toward the source of gunfire.

"U-boat, two points off port bow, sir," the lookout on the crow's nest shouted.

Captain Hetherington nodded to the helmsman who spun the electrical steering gear.

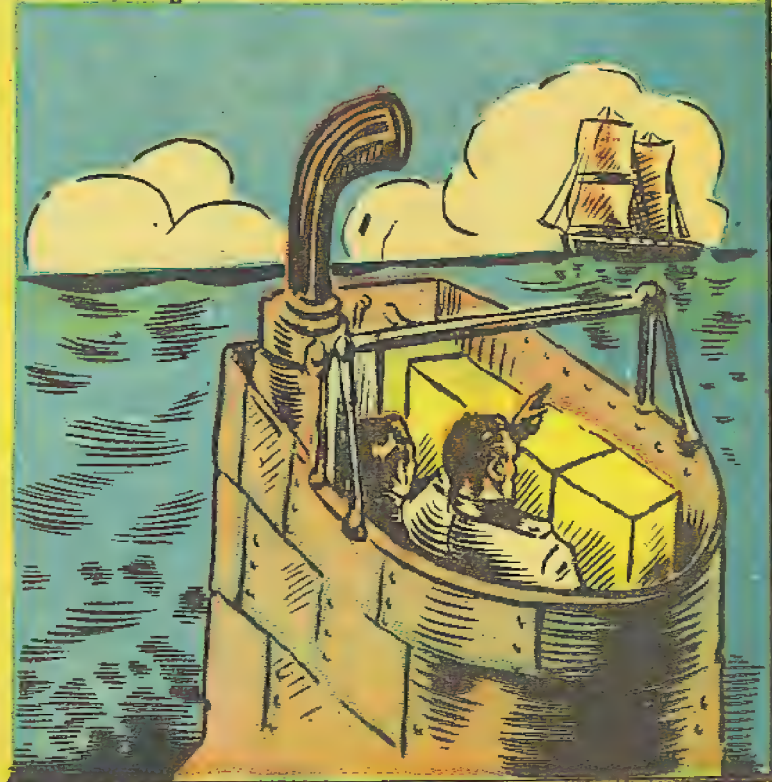
The destroyer's gun crews rammed shells into the forward guns and waited tersely for orders. The submarine loitered.

"It's strange, Hardy," Captain Hetherington said to his junior officer, "Can you make her out?"

Hardy shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps they're out of fuel."

"We'll tow her to Falkland Island as a prize."

When the destroyer reached the U-134 and the tars sprang aboard with rifles and machine guns, they found the U-boat's crew and officers raving maniacs, babbling about Captain Van Der Decken and the Flying Dutchman.



WHAT A TEAM!



LEADERS AMONG COMIC MAGAZINES!
EVERY ISSUE A TOUCHDOWN!

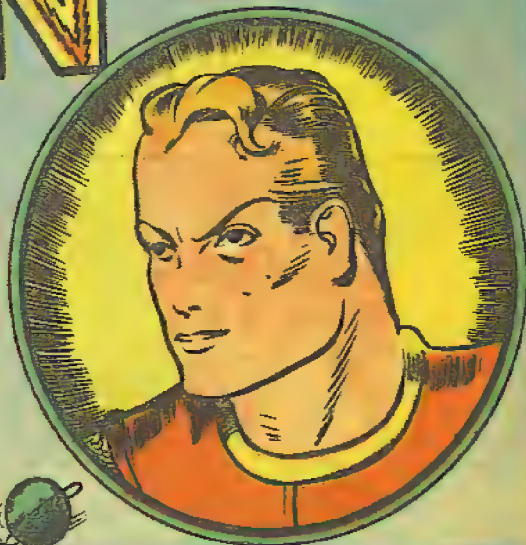
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COSMIC CARSON

by
MICHAEL GRIFFITH



COSMIC CARSON, ACE ROCKET PILOT OF THE INTERPLANETARY PATROL, BATTLES THE OUTLAWS OF SPACE. OUT OF THE COLD BLACKNESS OF OUTER SPACE CRACKLES A SINISTER VOICE WHICH THREATENS THE WORLD WITH DEATH AND DESTRUCTION.



I, LOBAR, DEMAND A BASE FOR OUR BATTLE ROCKETS ON EARTH. WE GIVE YOU THREE DAYS TO ACCEDE TO OUR DEMANDS. IF YOU REFUSE, WE SHALL ATTACK AND DESTROY YOU!

I'M GIVING YOU MY ANSWER NOW—NO!

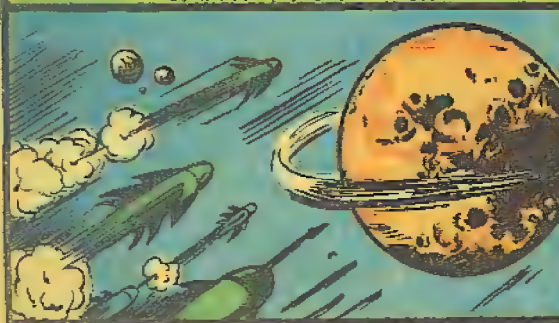


THE EARTHLINGS HAVE CHOSEN NOT TO ACCEPT OUR ULTIMATUM!

WE SHALL WIPE THEM OUT! I WILL TEACH THEM A LESSON AND SHOW THOSE BEINGS THAT WE ARE THE RULERS OF THE UNIVERSE!



WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR, THE HUGE FLEET OF GARGANTUAN BATTLE SHIPS DART INTO THE SKY TOWARD THE EARTH.



THERE'S BAD NEWS CARSON—IT'S WAR AND OUR ROCKET FLEET IS BADLY OUTNUMBERED! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE THE BATTLE OF OUR ENTIRE EXISTENCE!

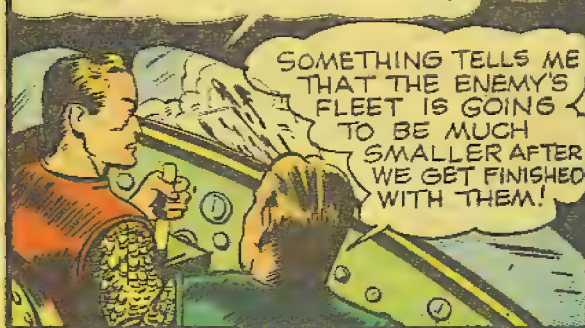
WE'LL GIVE THEM A GOOD BATTLE, SIR OR DIE IN THE ATTEMPT!



WITH ONLY A HANDFUL OF SHIPS, COSMIC SETS OUT TO MEET THE GIGANTIC GARGANTUAN ARMADA.



THERE'S THE ENEMY! GOODNIGHT—I NEVER KNEW THERE COULD BE SO MANY ROCKET SHIPS IN ONE PLACE!



SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT THE ENEMY'S FLEET IS GOING TO BE MUCH SMALLER AFTER WE GET FINISHED WITH THEM!

THE TITANIC BATTLE BEGINS!



GREATLY OUTNUMBERED, CARSON'S FLEET FIGHTS IN VAIN...

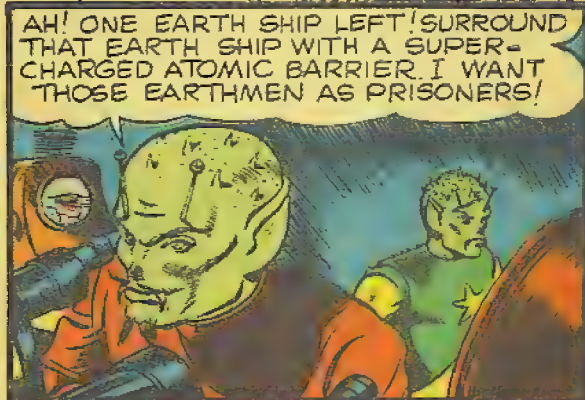


GET ON THAT VOICE BEAM, LIEUTENANT AND ORDER FORTY OF OUR SHIPS TO SPREAD OUT FOR A FLANK ATTACK—



WE'VE ONLY A FEW SHIPS LEFT! IN A FEW MINUTES WE'LL ALL BE WIPED OUT!

AH! ONE EARTH SHIP LEFT! SURROUND THAT EARTH SHIP WITH A SUPER-CHARGED ATOMIC BARRIER. I WANT THOSE EARTHMEN AS PRISONERS!

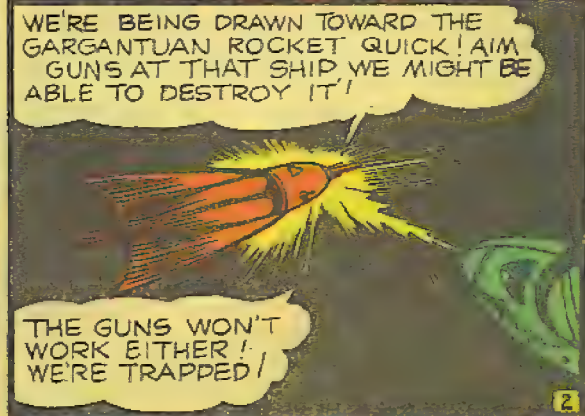


ALL OUR SHIPS HAVE BEEN WIPED OUT, CARSON. WE'RE THE ONLY SHIP LEFT!



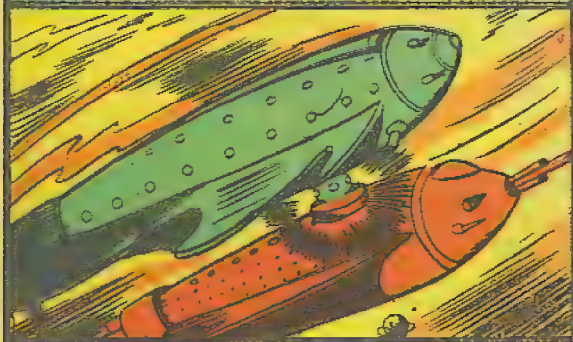
THE CONTROLS WON'T WORK!

WE'RE BEING DRAWN TOWARD THE GARGANTUAN ROCKET QUICK! AIM GUNS AT THAT SHIP WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO DESTROY IT!



THE GUNS WON'T WORK EITHER! WE'RE TRAPPED!

HELPLESS IN THE MAGNETIC GRIP OF THE SUPER-CHARGED ATOMS CARSON AND HIS MEN AWAIT THEIR FATE...



BOARD THE EARTHSHIP AND BRING ME THOSE EARTHMEN ALIVE!



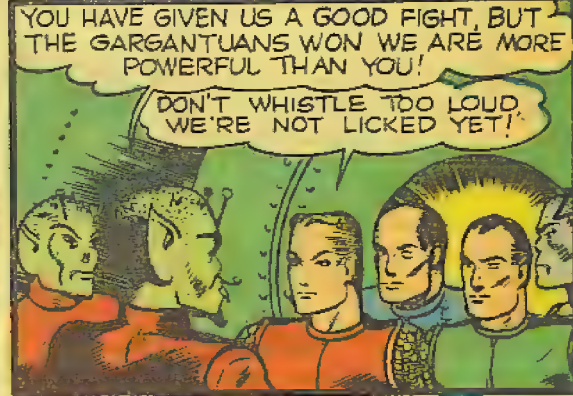
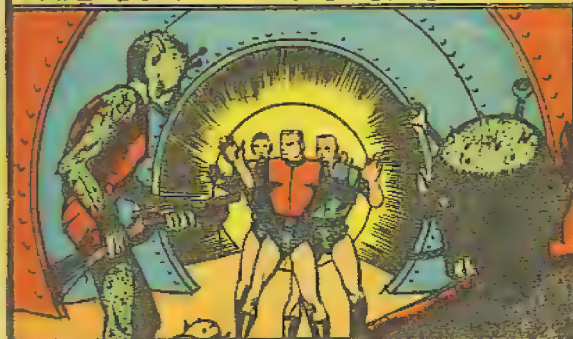
IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS, MEN!



TAKE THAT YOU SON OF SATAN!

HELP!
OOG!

OUTNUMBERED, CARSON AND HIS MEN ARE SOON OVERPOWERED --



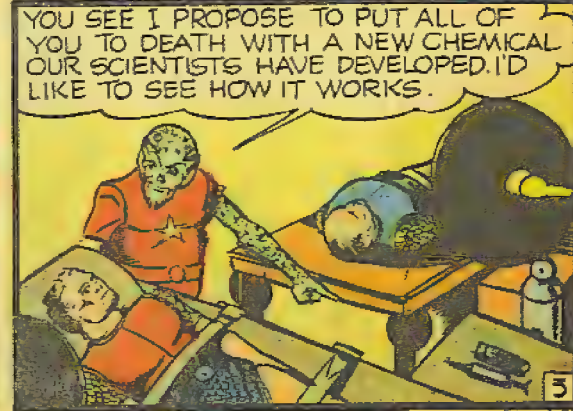
YOU HAVE GIVEN US A GOOD FIGHT, BUT THE GARGANTUANS WON WE ARE MORE POWERFUL THAN YOU!

DON'T WHISTLE TOO LOUD WE'RE NOT LICKED YET!

THEY ARE SECURELY STRAPPED TO THE TABLE --

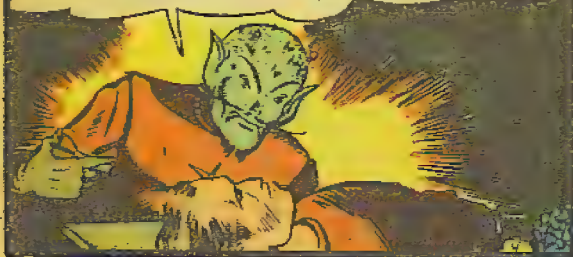


YOU SPEAK BRAVELY MY FRIEND BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO NOW?



YOU SEE I PROPOSE TO PUT ALL OF YOU TO DEATH WITH A NEW CHEMICAL OUR SCIENTISTS HAVE DEVELOPED. I'D LIKE TO SEE HOW IT WORKS.

ONCE IN THE BLOOD STREAM THIS CHEMICAL CREATES A GAS WHICH WILL BLOAT THE BODY THREE TIMES ITS NORMAL SIZE AND FINALLY CAUSE IT TO EXPLODE. I SHALL TRY IT ON ONE OF YOUR MEN FIRST!



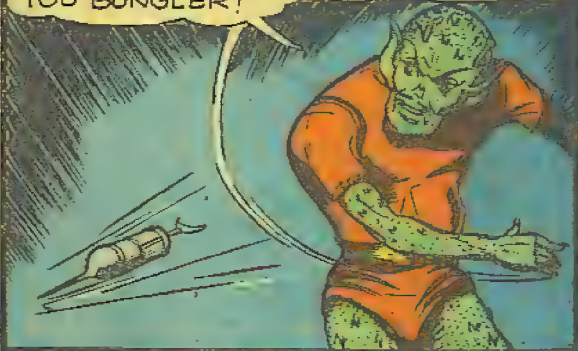
WITH A TERRIFIC WRENCH, CARSON SNAPS THE LEATHER STRAPS.



YOU'LL NEVER BUTCHER ANYBODY WHILE I'M STILL ALIVE!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! TAKE THAT YOU BUNGLER!

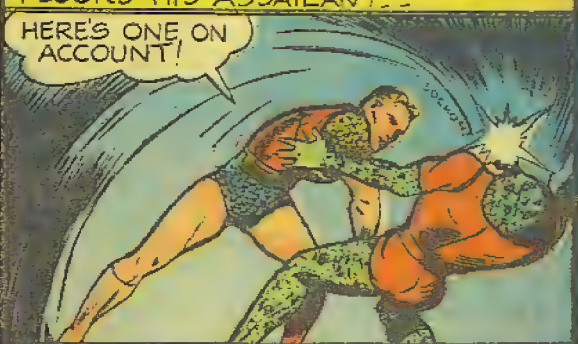


YOU MURDERING RAT! I'M GOING TO KNOCK THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF YOU!



WITH A TERRIFIC RIGHT HOOK, COSMIC FLOORS HIS ASSAILANT.

HERE'S ONE ON ACCOUNT!



THANK HEAVEN FOR THAT STRENGTH OF YOURS! I THOUGHT WE WERE GONERS!

TIME'S AWASTIN'



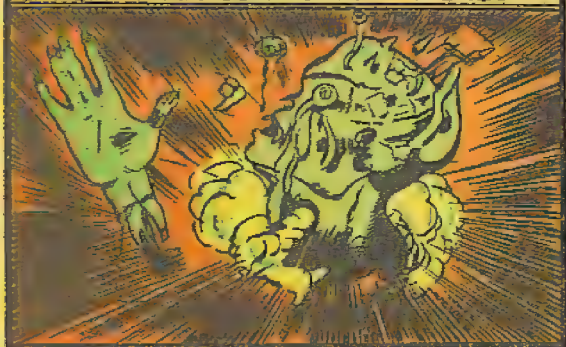
THE GARGANTUAN WITH THE HYPER-DERMIC IN HIS THROAT BEGINS TO BLOW UP TO THREE TIMES HIS SIZE AS THE DEADLY CHEMICAL TAKES EFFECT!

HE'S GOING TO BURST ANY MINUTE!

E-EE

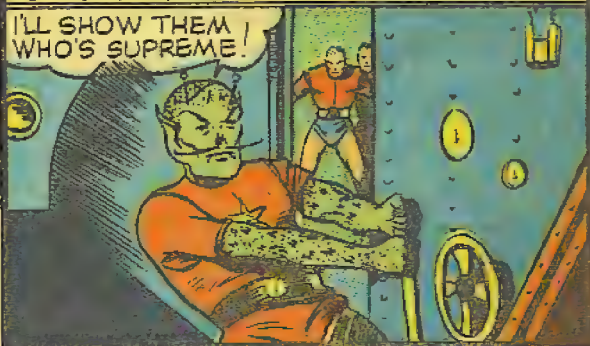


A SHIVERING SCREAM IS HEARD AS THE GARGANTUAN BURSTS INTO PIECES.

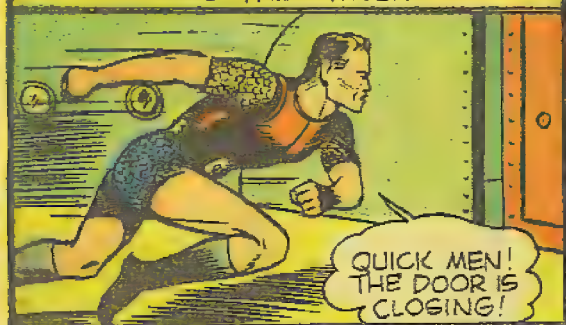


MEANWHILE, LOBAR HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS

I'LL SHOW THEM WHO'S SUPREME!

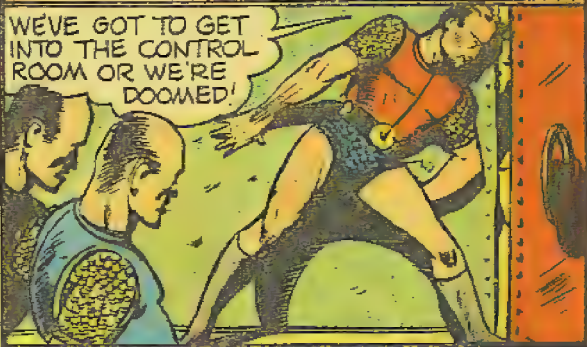


CARSON LEAPS TOWARD THE CONTROL ROOM DOOR AS LOBAR IS ABOUT TO CLOSE THE SWITCH



QUICK MEN! THE DOOR IS CLOSING!

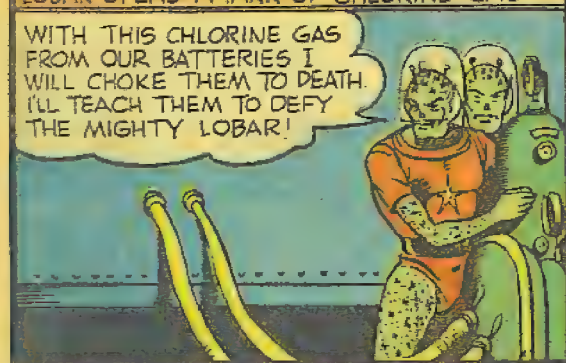
AS IT CLOSES COSMIC WEDGES HIS FOOT IN THE DOORWAY.



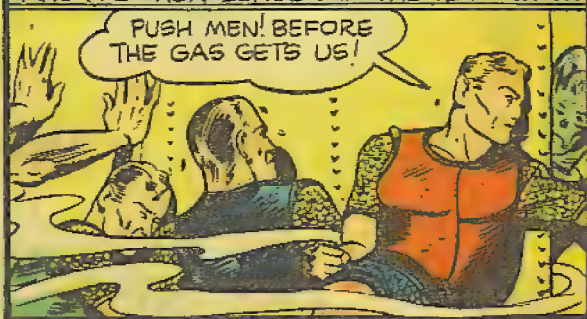
WE'VE GOT TO GET INTO THE CONTROL ROOM OR WE'RE DOOMED!

LOBAR OPENS A TANK OF CHLORINE GAS

WITH THIS CHLORINE GAS FROM OUR BATTERIES I WILL CHOKE THEM TO DEATH. I'LL TEACH THEM TO DEFY THE MIGHTY LOBAR!



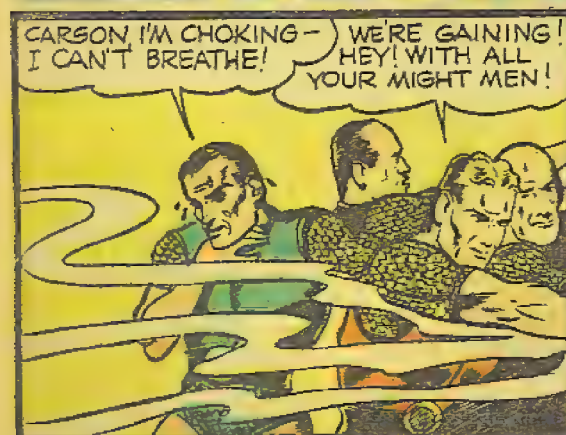
LIKE A GUST OF WIND THE CHLORINE GAS SWEEPS THE CHAMBER AS COSMIC AND HIS MEN LUNGE AT THE DOOR.



PUSH MEN! BEFORE THE GAS GETS US!

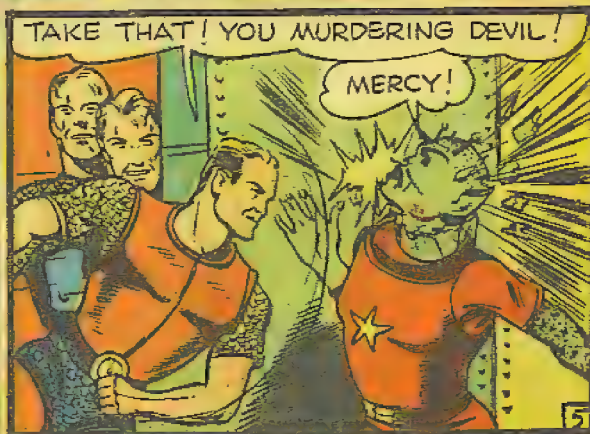
CARSON I'M CHOKING - I CAN'T BREATHE!

WE'RE GAINING! HEY! WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT MEN!



TAKE THAT! YOU MURDERING DEVIL!

MERCY!



FURIOUS, COSMIC SENDS LOBAR SMASHING THROUGH THE SPACESHIP WINDOW.



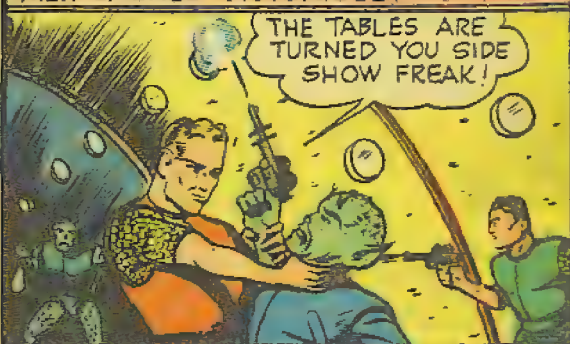
-DOWN INTO THE VERY DEPTHS OF DOOM PLUNGES THE CRAZED LOBAR.



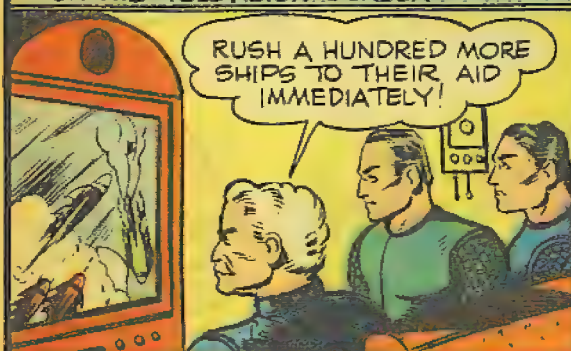
FEARLESSLY, CARSON AND HIS MEN OVERPOWER THE REMAINING GARGANTUANS, THUS TAKING CONTROL OF THE SHIP.



WITH OVERWHELMING ODDS, THE EARTH-MEN EMERGE VICTORIOUS.



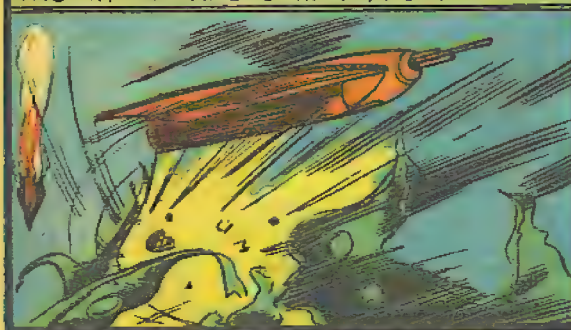
THE EARTH ADMIRAL WATCHES THEM ON HIS TELEVISION SCREEN



LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING OUR ROCKET SHIPS ARRIVE AND ARE SOON ENGAGED IN THIS TITANIC BATTLE.



REPEATEDLY OUR ROCKET SHIPS SCORE DIRECT HITS THUS DEMOLISHING THE ENTIRE ENEMY FLEET...



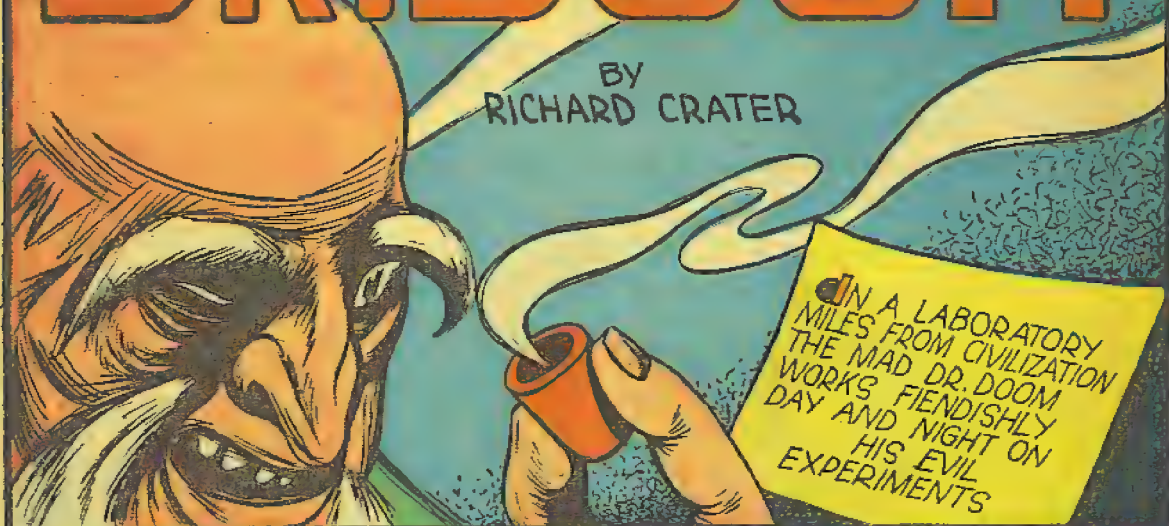
-AND SO THE VICTORIOUS EARTH FLEET RETURNS AFTER RIDDING THE WORLD OF A MADMAN.



FOLLOW THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF COSMIC CARSON IN THE NEXT ISSUE

DR. DOOM

BY
RICHARD CRATER



LIKE THE TENTACLES OF A GIANT OCTOPUS A DEADLY MIST GRIPS THE UNSUSPECTING CITY

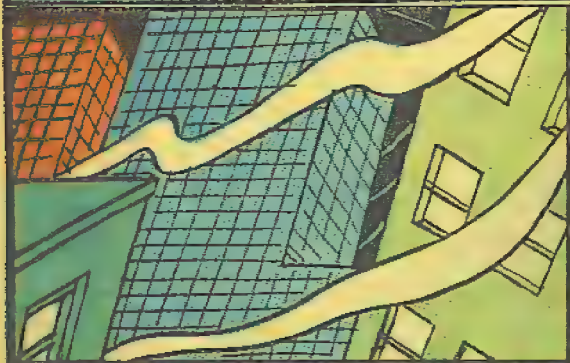


OH, THIS AWFUL MIST! I CAN'T BREATHE. I'M STRANGLING--!

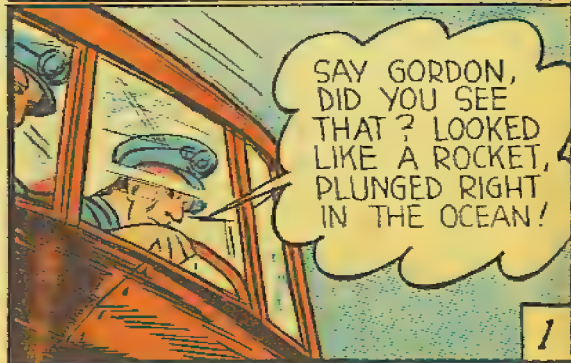


E-E-E-E-E

INTO THE WINDOWS WHILE PEOPLE SLEEP



WHILE ABOARD A GREAT CLIPPER

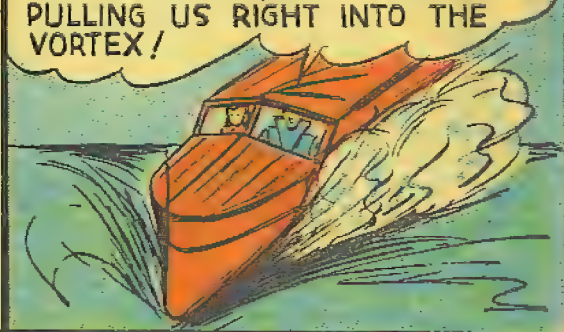


SAY GORDON, DID YOU SEE THAT? LOOKED LIKE A ROCKET, PLUNGED RIGHT IN THE OCEAN!

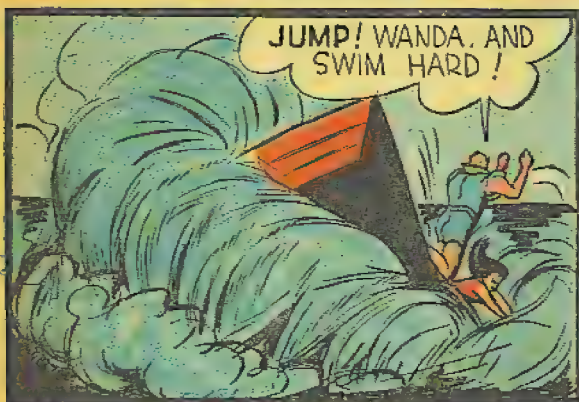
THE STRANGE OBJECT FROM SPACE
HURTLES INTO THE OCEAN, AND—



DID YOU SEE THAT, WANDA? LOOKED
LIKE A METEOR, AND— SAY! IT'S
PULLING US RIGHT INTO THE
VORTEX!



JUMP! WANDA, AND
SWIM HARD!



I MUST
FIND WANDA!

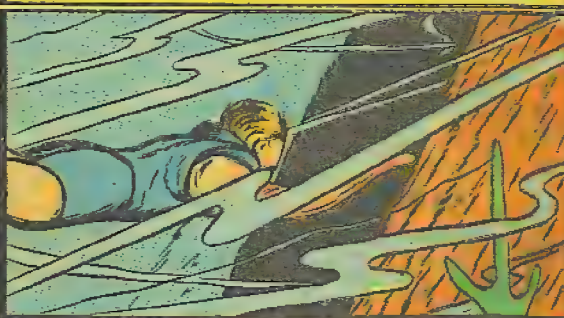


SUDDENLY JAN SEES WANDA PULLED
THRU THE WATER AT TERRIFIC SPEED

WHAT TH—! HEY
WANDA! WAIT!



HE FOLLOWS HER INTO THE BLACK
MAW OF A SUBTERRANEAN CAVERN

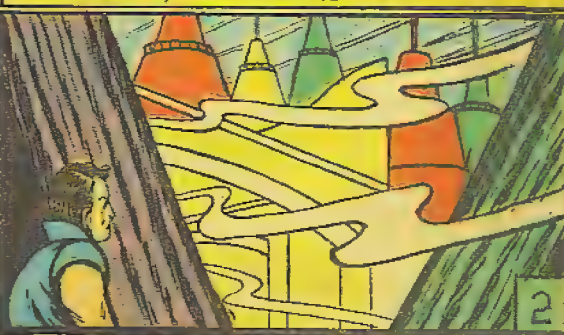


THE TORTUROUS PASSAGE COMES
TO AN END, AND—

WELL WHAT DO
YOU KNOW ABOUT
THAT!



JAN PAUSES AT THE PORTALS OF A
WEIRD, SUBMARINE CITY



AS HE DOES A HARSH, METALIC VOICE
STARTLES HIM

TAKE YOUR RAY GUN AND SPRAY
HIM JARG, THEN WE'LL SEE OF
WHAT HE IS THINKING!

THE RAY GUN STABS OUT AT JAN

BUT WITH A FLYING LEAP JAN IS
UPON HIS ASSAILANT

I DON'T LIKE
YOUR LOOKS!

I'LL GIVE YOU TWO
MINUTES TO TALK,
WHERE IS THE
GIRL?

I'LL TELL YOU, BUT SAVE YOUR
THREATS, WE HAVE NO NERVOUS
SYSTEM, THEREFOR WE FEEL NO
PAIN NOR FEAR ANY THREAT OF
PAIN. YOU WILL DO WELL TO
REMEMBER THAT, YOU EARTH THING!

I JUST TRUST YOU
TO THE EXTENT
THAT I CAN
TIE YOU!

NOW TO FIND WANDA, THAT GUY
HAD A PLEASED LOOK ON HIS FACE
WHEN I TIED HIM, I WONDER WHY?

JAN RACES TOWARD THE CENTER
OF THE SUBMARINE CITY



WANDA AND JAN FLEE TOWARD
THE PORTALS OF THE WEIRD CITY



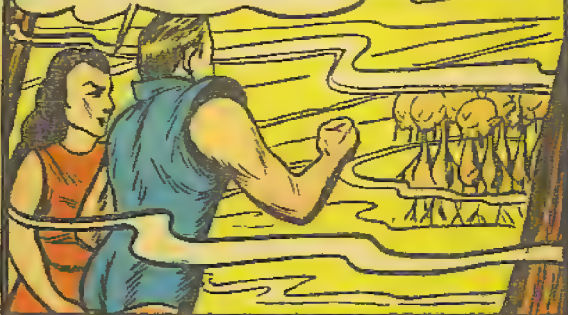
SO THAT'S
WHAT MADE
THAT BIRD
SMILE, EH?
TELEPATHY!

ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT
WANDA?

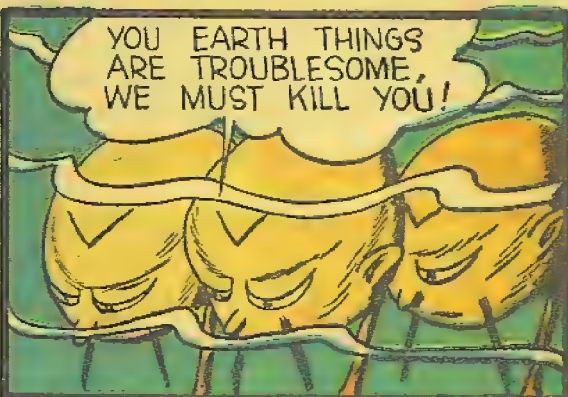
YES JAN, BUT BE
CAREFUL, THEY ARE
ADEPTS AT TELE-
PATHY, AND KNEW
OF YOUR COMING!



CAREFUL JAN
THEY'RE DANGEROUS!



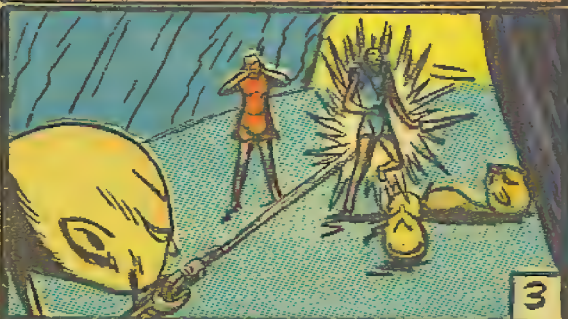
YOU EARTH THINGS
ARE TROUBLESOME,
WE MUST KILL YOU!

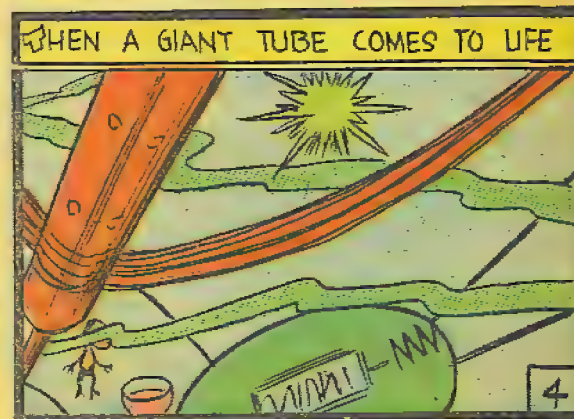
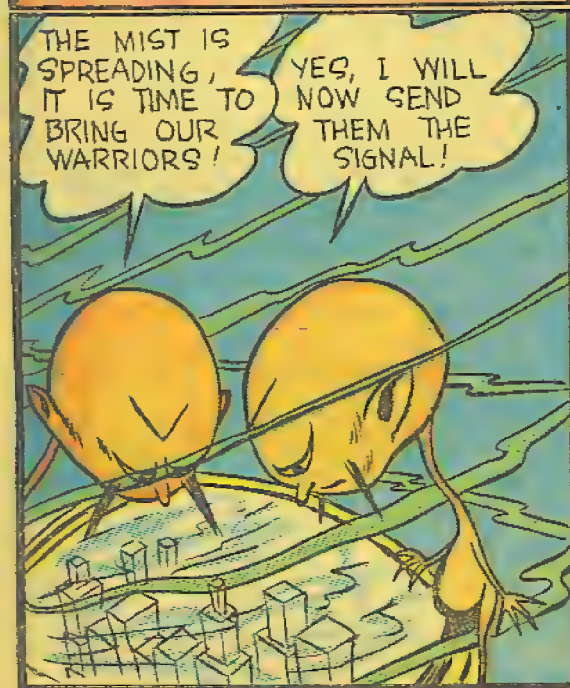
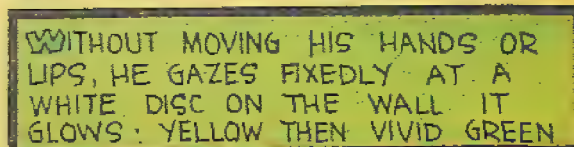
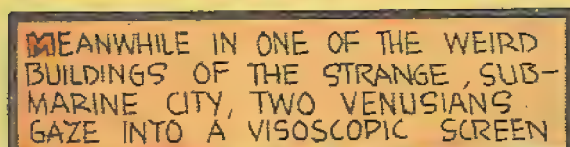
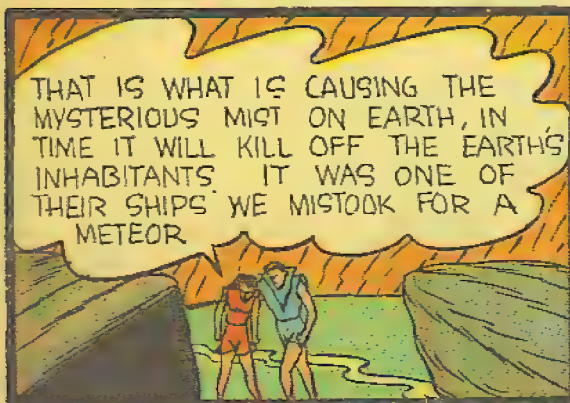
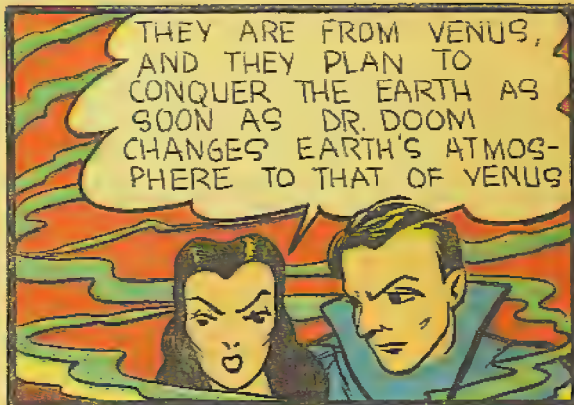


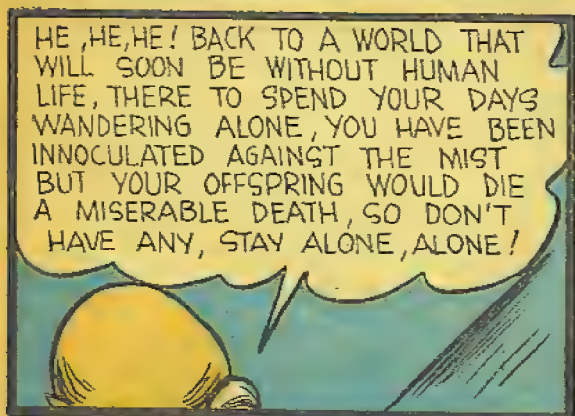
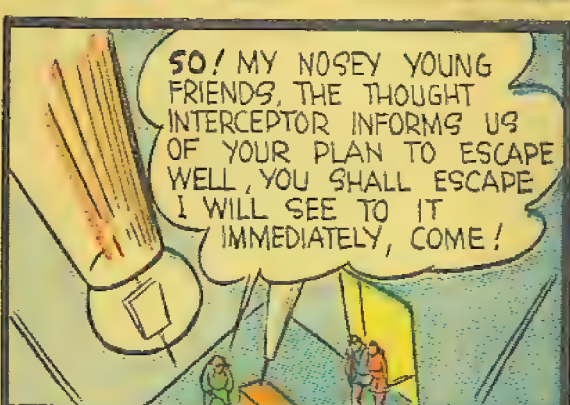
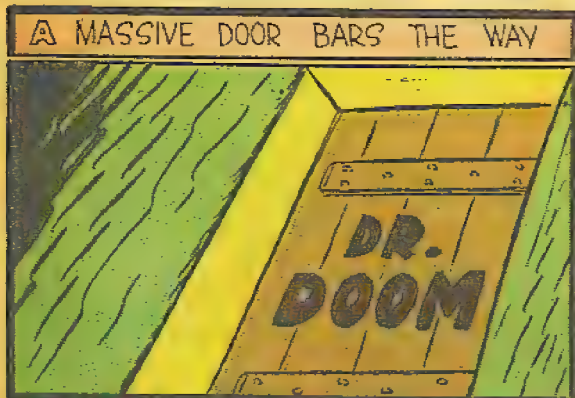
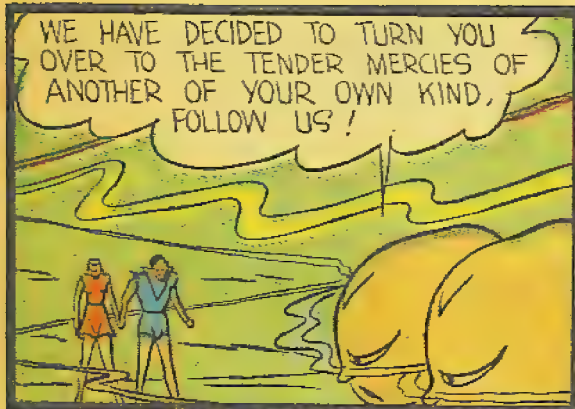
OH YEH! WELL
LET ME TAKE A
HAND WILL YOU?



BUT THE HISS OF A RAY GUN
STOPS JANS ASSAULT





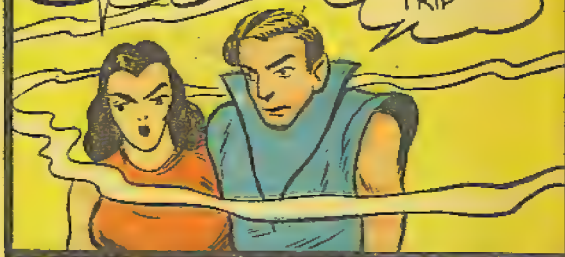


AS JAN AND WANDA EXPLORE THEIR BLEAK, BARREN ROCK A FAMILIAR DRONE, COMES OUT OF THE SKY



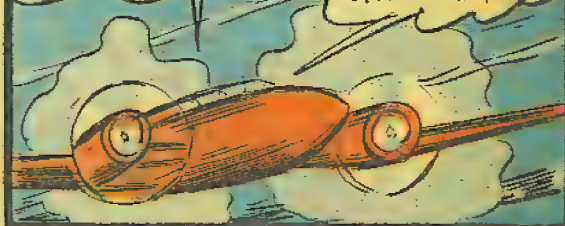
IT'S NO USE JAN, THE MIST IS TOO THICK FOR THEM TO SEE US!

WE MUST NOT DESPAIR WANDA, MAYBE THEY'LL SEE US NEXT TRIP!



SAY JIM, DID YOU GET A PEEK THRU THAT HOLE IN THE MIST?

YEAH, LOOKED LIKE A ROCK BUT THE CHART DOESN'T SHOW ANY!



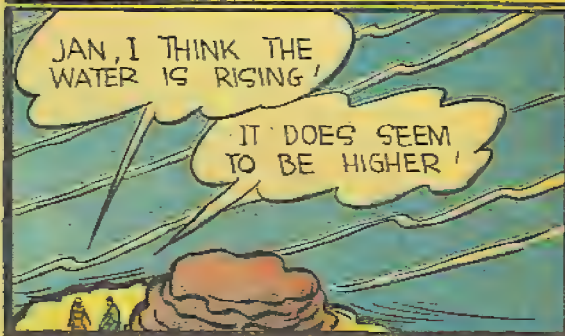
I'LL JUST MAKE A ROUTINE REPORT TO THE COAST GUARD!



BUT DOWN ON THE MYSTERY ROCK

JAN, I THINK THE WATER IS RISING!

IT DOES SEEM TO BE HIGHER!



WANDA, THE WATER ISN'T RISING, THE ROCK IS SINKING!



AS THE ROCK SINKS LOWER

I'M NOT AFRAID, JAN!

BRAVE GIRL!



ABOARD A COAST-GUARD PLANE.

CLIPPER REPORTS A ROCK
ABOUT HERE, BETTER DROP
DOWN AND INVESTIGATE!

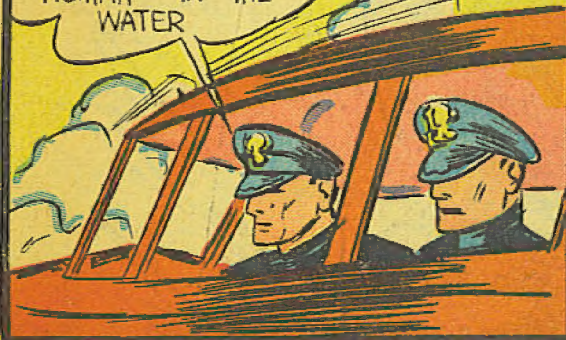


I ALWAYS DID WANT
TO SWIM THE
OCEAN, DIDN'T YOU
JAN ?

OH, SURE!



A MAN AND A
WOMAN IN THE
WATER



WANDA, WE'RE IN
LUCK ! THERE
IS A PLANE
BEHIND US !



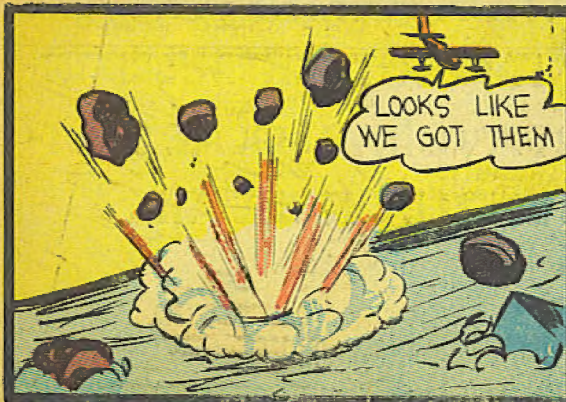
LUCKY FOR YOU TWO
THAT WE HAPPENED
TO BE NEAR WHEN
THE CLIPPER REPORTED!



WE'LL JUST DIVE
AND DROP A FEW
DEPTH CHARGES
FOR LUCK !



LOOKS LIKE
WE GOT THEM



BUT DID THEY GET THE EVIL
DR. DOOM ? AND WHAT ABOUT
THE VENUSIAN HORDES ALREADY
ON THEIR WAY TO EARTH ? GET
THE ANSWER IN THE NEXT ISSUE

THE BLUE BEETLE COAST TO COAST

Thrilling
Drama of
the Avenging
Gang Smasher

Twice-a-Week

On
Your
Favorite
Radio
Station



**CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER, OR BETTER CALL
YOUR FAVORITE LOCAL STATION, FOR THE SCHEDULE
OF THIS SUPER-THRILLER. IF IT IS NOT SCHEDULED IN
YOUR LOCALITY, ASK YOUR FAVORITE LOCAL STAT-
ION TO HAVE THE BLUE BEETLE ON THE AIR.**



YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF KOOBA!

\$25.00 First Prize
\$15.00 Second Prize
\$10.00 Third Prize
and 100 prizes of
\$1.00 each
103 BIG CASH AWARDS

HERE ARE THE SIMPLE RULES

1. In not more than 20 additional words, complete the statement "I like KOOBA because." If KOOBA is not yet sold in your locality, then complete the following statement instead: "I enjoy living in the United States because: . . ."
2. Complete sentence 2 with the required list of 10 of your local dealers who do not as yet carry KOOBA, but are willing to do so.
3. Write on one side of the paper only, and print your name and address plainly. You may send in as many entries as you wish, but **EACH ONE MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY A KOOBA BOTTLE CAP (OR FAC-SIMILE).**
4. Mail entries to KOOBA Corporation, 125 East 48th Street, New York, N. Y., making sure you use the proper postage.
5. The KOOBA TREASURE HUNT ends at midnight, November 20th, 1940. Entries bearing a later postmark will not be accepted.
6. Decisions of the judges will be final. Entries will be judged on originality, appropriateness of your thought and neatness. In case of ties, we will dig up duplicate treasures for you. No entries will be returned. Entire contents of entries become the property of KOOBA Corporation.
7. Winners will receive their treasure as soon as possible after the closing date of the TREASURE HUNT, and full list of winners will be published in a future issue of this magazine.
8. Any resident of the United States, except employees of KOOBA Corporation and relatives of employees, is eligible.

GRAND TREASURE HUNT FREE FUN FOR EVERYBODY!

Come on, boys and girls, get on the trail of treasure! Enter the KOOBA TREASURE HUNT now for big cash prizes!



IT'S FREE! IT'S FUN! IT'S EASY!
JUST TWO SIMPLE THINGS TO DO—

1. In 20 additional words or less, complete the following statements:
I like KOOBA because:
(If KOOBA is not yet sold in your locality, then instead of completing the above, substitute the following statement, completing it in 20 additional words or less):
I enjoy living in the United States because: . . .
 2. Add to your letter the following statement, finishing it with the required list of dealers:
As part of the KOOBA TREASURE HUNT I am attaching a list of names and addresses of 10 newsdealers in my neighborhood who do not stock KOOBA but are willing to do so. (This is where the TREASURE HUNT comes in.)
- NOTE—**You may complete EITHER statement in Part 1, but you must answer Part 2 also, in order to be eligible. Also, be sure to send a KOOBA bottle cap (or facsimile) with your entry.

KOOBA, the new, delicious Cola drink. It's a treasure in itself! The big 5c. drink (ENOUGH FOR TWO) that everybody's asking for . . . it's refreshing and wholesome . . . a great thirst quencher, a new taste thrill, a healthy drink containing Vitamin B1, the energy vitamin.

We want to know why YOU like KOOBA, so we're conducting this KOOBA TREASURE HUNT for you. Free, easy, fun. Read the rules on this page carefully, then go to it!

There are 103 prizes in all, starting with the big \$25.00 prize. Just think of winning \$25.00, or \$15.00, or \$10.00 so easily! So don't delay . . . send in your entry NOW. Send us the list of your local dealers who do not, as yet, carry KOOBA, and complete the sentence telling us why you enjoy KOOBA. YOUR reason may be the BIG prize winner!

This offer is void in any state or municipality where redemption of coupons or bottle caps is prohibited, taxed or restricted.

BOYS! GIRLS! HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW 1941 CATALOG?
OVER 2,000 NEW ITEMS. 2,000 NOVELTIES. RUSH COUPON!

1941 CATALOG of Novelties
Thousands of NEW STUFFS!

MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS!

Complete Phonograph & Home Recorder
ELECTRIC - TUBE VALVE - 5 IN. 100% GUARANTEE



COMPLETE
CATALOG, 10c

SLIPPER
CATALOG, 10c

BROADCAST THE VOICE OF FAIR - SING - PLAY

World Mike
Price Only **25c**

POCKET RADIO

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Telephone
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